

THE AMERICAN
Legion
FEBRUARY, 1947 MAGAZINE



HOW TO SOLVE
LABOR DISPUTES
JUDGE JOHN C. KNOX

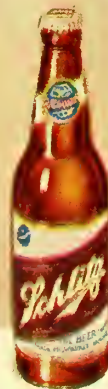
No harsh bitterness



COPYRIGHT 1947, J.G.S. SCHLITZ BREWING CO., MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Just the KISS of the hops

Schlitz



THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

OF SPECIAL IMPORTANCE TO MEMBERS OF HOSPITALIZATION PLANS

New Sickness and Accident Plan Includes \$25 Weekly Benefit Feature

**Costs Only \$12 a Year—Down Payment \$2.50
Pays Hospital Benefits For Accidents**

The 60-year-old North American Accident Insurance Company of Chicago announces a new plan that pays \$25 a week for 10 weeks for certain specified accidents and sicknesses. It also pays \$25 a week for 4 weeks for accidents requiring hospital confinement. Yet the total cost is only \$12 a year. (Even this small amount can be paid monthly—\$2.50 down and \$2.00 a month for 5 months—total cost \$12.50.) The purpose of this new Premier Limited Double Duty Policy is to bring sickness and accident protection within the reach of men and women who do not have large savings with which to meet sudden doctor or hospital bills, or lost income.

This new plan also has a double-indemnity feature covering travel accidents. You receive \$50 a week if disabled by an accident in a bus, taxicab, street car, train, etc., and \$75 a week if the accident requires hospital confinement. There is another new special feature that pays up to \$25 cash for doctor bills, even for a minor accident such as a cut finger. In case of accidental death the policy pays one thousand dollars cash to your family. Two thousand dollars if caused by a travel accident.

In addition, it covers many sicknesses including pneumonia, cancer, appendicitis operation, etc., paying the weekly benefits whether confined to home or hospital.

The entire cost is only \$12 a year, for both men and women between the ages of 15 and 64 inclusive. Between the ages of 65 and 75 the cost is only \$18 a year. Protects you 24 hours a day. No reduction in benefits regardless of age. No medical examination is required.

Suppose you are now a member of some worthy hospitalization plan . . . you still need this additional protection. Why? Because only

a small percentage of people are confined to a hospital—and even then only for a fraction of the total time they may be disabled. Most people are confined at home where hospitalization plans do not apply. The North American Plan pays specified benefits regardless of whether you are confined to your home or to a hospital.

North American Accident Insurance Company of Chicago has devoted over sixty years to the Underwriting of Accident and Health Insurance. It has paid out over \$39,000,000 to grateful policy holders when they needed help most. North American is under the supervision of the Insurance Departments of 47 States and The District of Columbia.

Men and women who would like full details about this new plan are urged to write a letter or postcard for a revealing booklet called "Cash or Sympathy." This booklet is absolutely free. It will come by ordinary mail without charge or obligation of any kind. No one will call to deliver it. We suggest you get a free copy by mailing coupon to Premier Policy Division, North American Accident Insurance Co. of Chicago, 830 Broad Street, Dept. 516, Newark 2, New Jersey.

— — — — — FREE BOOKLET — — — — —

North American Accident Insurance Company
830 Broad St., Dept. 516, Newark 2, New Jersey

Premier
Policy
Division

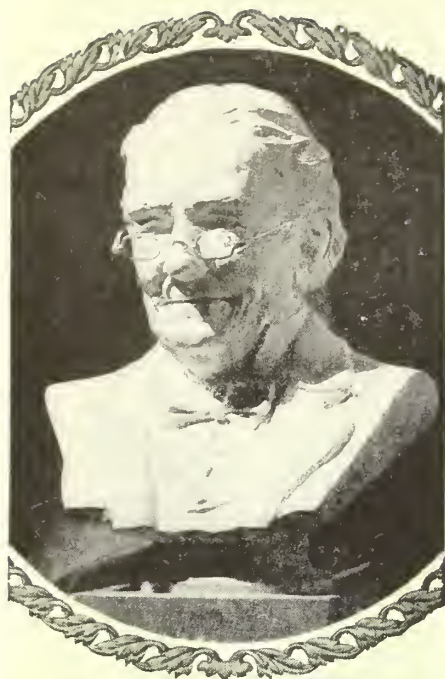
Gentlemen:

Please mail me a copy of your FREE booklet, "CASH OR SYMPATHY." I understand there is no obligation whatever, and that no one will call on me to deliver this booklet.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE No. _____ STATE _____



*"Head of the
Bourbon
Family"*



Titles can be empty things but not so with Old Grand-Dad's. As head of the bourbon family this famous Kentucky straight whiskey has a prestige solidly built on giving pleasure—the pleasure of a drink that's sparkling to look at, rich in aroma and flavor, delightful and heart-warming in any form.

**OLD
GRAND-DAD**

100 Proof

National Distillers Products Corp.
New York

THE AMERICAN Legion

VOL. 42

FEBRUARY, 1947

MAGAZINE

NO. 2

Please notify the Circulation Department, Publications Division, Post Office Box 1055, Indianapolis, Indiana, if you have changed your address. Be sure to give your 1947 membership card number and both your new and your old address.

WESTERN OFFICE • 333 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago 1, Illinois
EDITORIAL AND ADVERTISING OFFICES • One Park Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.
EXECUTIVE AND ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICES • Indianapolis 6, Indiana

C O N T E N T S

Cover Drawing	By Earl Blossom	
Paying an Income Tax?	By Paul D. Green	9
<i>This article can mean \$\$\$ to you</i>		
How to Solve Labor Disputes	By Judge John C. Knox	10
<i>The judge presents the case for compulsory arbitration</i>		
Speed Queens of the Gulf Stream	By S. Kip Farrington, Jr.	12
<i>The fightin'est fish of all is the blue marlin</i>		
Jake Lands the Big One (fiction)	By Hal Burdick	14
<i>A flick of the wrist, and Droopy Pants got justice</i>		
Peace Is a Job for All of Us	By Paul H. Griffith	16
<i>National Commander</i>		
Slick Tricks of the Commies	By Karl Baarslag	19
<i>How Legionnaires can outsmart Red trouble-makers</i>		
The Legion's Morale Teams	By Richard Seelye Jones	22
<i>A practical and heart-warming article about rehabilitation</i>		
Look to the Rookies	By Oscar Fraley	24
<i>Major League plans shape up as four new managers take over</i>		

DEPARTMENTS

The Editors' Corner	4	Sports Varieties	38
Sound Off!	6	Parting Shots	52

Postmaster: Please send notices on form 3578 and copies returned under labels form 3579 to 777 N. Meridian St., Indianapolis 6, Ind.

The American Legion Magazine is the official publication of The American Legion and is owned exclusively by The American Legion. Copyright 1947. Published monthly at 333 North Michigan Ave., Chicago 1, Illinois. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of Oct. 3, 1917, authorized Jan. 5, 1925. Price, single copy, 15 cents; yearly subscription, \$1.25. Entered as second class matter Sept. 26, 1931, at the Post Office at Chicago, Ill., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Roland Coccham, Baton Rouge, La., Chairman of the Legion Publications Commission; Robert W. Colflesh, Des Moines, Iowa, Vice-Chairman, Members of Commission: Jerry Owen, Oakland, Calif.; Theodore Cogswell, Washington, D. C.; Lawrence Hager, Owensboro, Ky.; Frank C. Love, Syracuse, N. Y.; Earl L. Meyer, Alliance, Neb.; Harry R. Allen, Brockton, Mass.; Paul B. Dague, Downingtown, Pa.; Tom W. McCaw, Dennison, Ohio; Harry Benoit, Twin Falls, Idaho; James P. Hollers, San Antonio, Tex.; T. H. McGowan, Charleston, W. Va.; Raymond F. Gates, Rocky Hill, Conn.; Max Slepian, Drexel Hill, Pa.; Roger Cole, Jasonville, Ind.; Josephus Daniels, Jr., Raleigh, N. C.; John Stelle, McLeansboro, Ill.

Director of Publications, James F. Barton, Indianapolis, Ind.; Editor, Alexander Gardiner; Director of Advertising, Thomas O. Woolf; Managing Editor, Boyd B. Stutler; Executive Editor, Joseph C. Keeley; Associate Editors, David Stick, Robert B. Pitkin; Editorial Assistant, Albert E. Peterson.

Assistant to Director of Publications, Frank Lisiecki; Eastern Advertising Manager, Russell Holt; Western Advertising Manager, P. K. Babcock.

The Editors cannot be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts unless return postage is enclosed. Names of characters in our fiction and semi-fiction articles that deal with types are fictitious. Use of the name of any person living or dead is pure coincidence.

EVICTED from her home in Portland, Maine, a young British war bride, Irene Cody Heatley, commented:

"I suppose it really doesn't make much difference as long as you have to lose your home in some way. But at least when we were blitzed in London we weren't worried about it in advance."—By Harold Helfer.

THOSE CRITICAL VETS

WILLIAM WYLER, top Hollywood director and ex-lieutenant colonel in the AAF, learned one lesson in service: don't let a GI or vet catch you in a mistake on military detail, no matter how slight. So when assigned to Samuel Goldwyn's major film drama of returning veterans, "The Best Years of Our Lives," he took special pains to insure accuracy.

For instance, the script at first specified that Dana Andrews' decorations as an 8th Air Force captain-bombardier should include a British DFC. A recheck disclosed it was unlikely he should have such an award, so it was eliminated. Andrews' uniform was actually tailored at Hobson's in London, much patronized by Army flyers during the war. Even the serial number on his B-4 bag (9-727090) was authentic; it belonged to a bombardier on the Memphis Belle.

In the film Fredric March plays a Sergeant of the 25th Infantry Division, so it was fitting for him to have the Bronze Star, Purple Heart, Good Conduct Medal, Asiatic-Pacific Ribbon, Victory Ribbon, combat infantryman's badge, and, on the right breast, the Distinguished Unit Badge. But it took a special phone call to Washington to find the proper position for his Philippine Liberation Ribbon.

Then there is the war-weary B-17E on which they hitch a ride to their home town. In some dialogue Andrews describes it as a plane that shuttle-bombed between Italy and Russia. It took three weeks' research to determine that it should therefore be of the 416th Bomb. Sq., 99th Bomb. Gp., 5th Bomb. wing, 15th Air Force. More digging disclosed that the proper tail markings would be a diamond with a "Y" and the Roman numeral IV beneath.



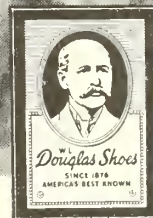
CORRECT STYLING IS *Authentic Styling*

IT'S STYLING BY DOUGLAS



The ETON
Style 8652

The CAMDEN
Style 5641



W. L. Douglas Shoes

W. L. DOUGLAS SHOE CO. BROCKTON 15, MASS.

Stores In Principal Cities - Good Dealers Everywhere



"Just a moment, Rogers—all I said was you could marry my daughter"

Shoots Light 800 Ft!

A genuine Delta for home and away. Spot-light and floodlight. 80-100 hrs. on one battery. At hardware, sport and electrical stores. **\$3.95**
Less battery...

Delta Electric Co.
Marion, Indiana



POWERlite

2-LITE
ELECTRIC
LANTERN

CONFIDENTIAL LOAN SERVICE

Borrow \$50 to \$300.00

Need money? No matter where you live you can borrow **BY MAIL** \$50.00 to \$300.00 this easy quick confidential way.

BY MAIL

IT IS EASY TO
**BORROW
BY MAIL!**
Completely confidential and private
**CONVENIENT
MONTHLY
PAYMENTS**

NO ENDORSERS NEEDED
EMPLOYED MEN and women of good character can solve their money problems quickly and in privacy with loans **MADE BY MAIL**. No endorsers or co-signers. We do not contact employers, friends or relatives. Convenient monthly payments. Send us your name and address and we will mail application blank and complete details **FREE** in plain envelope. There is no obligation.

STATE FINANCE CO.
Southern Surety Bldg., Dept. H-117, Des Moines 8, Ia.

oh-oh, Dry Scalp!



"... HIS SKIS GET loving care, but his hair gets only neglect! It's so dull and lifeless... must be next to impossible to comb... full of loose dandruff, too. How Dry Scalp spoils a man's appearance! It's time I told him about 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic!"

*Hair looks better...
scalp feels better...
when you check Dry Scalp*



YOU'D NEVER KNOW this was the same man—now that he's using 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic! A few drops a day can help you, too... to check loose dandruff and itchy scalp... make hair natural-looking, easy to comb. 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic contains no alcohol or other drying ingredients. Works wonders also with massage before every shampoo. It's double care... both scalp and hair... and more economical than other hair tonics, too.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Used by more men today than any other hair tonic

THE EDITOR'S CORNER



Plan for Labor Peace

JUDGE JOHN C. KNOX (*How To Solve Labor Disputes*, page 10) says he was "born and raised within easy distance of Pittsburgh and became early acquainted with strikes, and their accompanying strife, bloodshed and disorder." He then thought—as he does now—"that the social and economic loss resulting from these disturbances was something that could and easily might be avoided, if men only would think and act justly, and govern themselves with a sense of propriety and reasonableness."

Judge Knox was first appointed a United States District Judge for the Southern District of New York in 1918 and is now the Senior Judge of the country's largest and busiest Federal Court. He has presided at many notable trials, among them those of former Attorney General Harry M. Daugherty; Joseph W. Harriman, President of the Harriman National Bank; Samuel Insull, the utility magnate; and Louis Lepke and Jacob Gurrage, the labor racketeers. His plan for the settlement of labor disputes through the courts as presented in his article is well worth studying.

Story Narrator

TO OUR way of thinking, Hal Burdick, who wrote *Jake Lands The Big One*, page 14, looks like a story teller. This is most unusual, since just about every other professional story teller we've ever met looked like a weatherbeaten adventurer, a bookkeeper, or a bum, with an occasional cowboy (all decked out in a broad-rimmed Stetson and a pair of cowboy boots) thrown in to break the monotony.

But Mr. Burdick (see cut) looks just about the way we used to expect story tellers to look, and on investigation it develops that he is even more literally a story teller than the other fiction writers

whose stories we have published in the past. For Hal Burdick, as most folks in the San Francisco area already know, has long been associated with a radio program known as the Night Editor, on which he has narrated more than 525 short stories in the past 12 years.

Sports By-Lines

OSCAR FRALEY (*Look To The Rookies*, page 24) is the United Press' sports columnist, whose daily stint on sports low-down is syndicated to all UP papers. Fraley works in New York, a fact with which few New York sports enthusiasts are familiar and about which even fewer so much as give a whit. For in New York City, which probably has twice as many sports writers to the square mile as any other place in the country, the big names in the sports writing profession are those which appear regularly on the pages of the city's leading newspapers, and Oscar Fraley seldom so much as gets his by-line in local print.

But when newsmen gather in Chicago, New Orleans, St. Louis or Los Angeles, Fraley is usually called to the mike to say a few words to his myriad of followers while the big NY names sit back and blink. Which is one of the reasons we thought Fraley would be the best man to tell our readers just what is in prospect on the baseball front this year.

See This Picture

NOW and then we read a book, see a play or go to a movie which is so good we embark on a crusade to persuade everyone we know to do likewise. The latest to set us off is the motion picture "The Best Years of Our Lives." It's a top picture by any standard, but for veterans it's a must. A lot of Legionnaires are going to see their own problems portrayed in this movie, but better yet it should give non-veterans a graphic picture of what the problems are. We understand that many theater managers plan to cooperate with the Legion by showing the Legion's short, "No Help Wanted," in conjunction with "The Best Years of Our Lives." In any case, don't miss it.

D. S.



Author Burdick. He looks like a story teller

February, 1947

Dependable

CHAMPION

AMERICA'S FAVORITE SPARK PLUG



The reason why Champion is America's favorite spark plug is because of better performance and greater dependability. Proof of this is in the continuing use of Champions by those who seek and win championship events. A current outstanding example is the 1946 AAA National Championship won by Ted Horn. Champion Spark Plug Company, Toledo 1, Ohio.



Listen to the CHAMPION ROLL CALL, Harry Wismer's fast sportscast every Friday night, 9:55 EST over ABC network.

FOLLOW THE EXPERTS

DEMAND DEPENDABLE CHAMPIONS FOR YOUR CAR

False Teeth Wearers

You can't "Brush-Off" Denture Breath



Avoid Denture Breath this Safe, Sure Way

DENTURE BREATH is a serious social problem. It may make your close presence distasteful to friends or family, and give you away to others who might never guess you wear false teeth. You can't "brush off" **DENTURE BREATH!**

Brushing dental plates with tooth pastes, powders or soap may scratch delicate plate material, 60 times softer than natural teeth. Food and film collect in these unseen scratches—causing offensive **DENTURE BREATH!**

With Polident there's no brushing, so no fear of **DENTURE BREATH**. More dentists recommend Polident than any other denture cleanser. Costs less than 1¢ a day. 30¢ and 60¢ at drug stores.

Play Safe—Soak Dentures in Polident Daily

Soak plate or bridge in Polident fifteen minutes or longer, rinse, and it's ready to use. A daily Polident bath gets into corners brushing never seems to reach, keeps dentures clean, bright, odor-free!

NO BRUSHING



POLIDENT

USE DAILY TO KEEP PLATES, BRIDGES CLEAN...ODOR-FREE!



This is your page, so sound off with your pet gripes, your brickbats and bouquets. All letters should be signed but your name won't be used if you say so.

PHONEY INVESTIGATIONS

Sir: I read Fred Bentz' letter in the October issue and I certainly think he's got something there. Why do they have these investigating committees if they don't follow up with any prosecution after it's over? There's always a lot of hullabaloo and then it quiets down and nothing more is done. I agree with Bentz—give a few of the war criminals on this side of the pond the same treatment they have given the Germans and Japs.

H. J. RUSSELL

Hion, New York

DANGEROUS THINKING

Sir: We all agree that war profiteers are the lowest form of animal life. But when Fred W. Bentz in the October Sound Off implies that war profiteering is a monopoly of "naturalized citizens" he is carrying his thinking into dangerous channels. Such use of the term "naturalized citizens" is obviously an attempt to cast a slur on the millions of American citizens of foreign birth and foreign antecedents who make up the whole of America.

BARNEY NEEDLEMAN

Chicago

JOBS FOR WWI VETS

Sir: I am a veteran of the First World War, disabled, and am no longer wanted by industry as a worker. There are thousands of us in the same category. Why does not the Government give us jobs or prepare us for a program of employment? If this does not work we should at least be given adequate compensation on which to live.

ANDREW J. BEAUL

Hattiesburg, Mississippi

HAPHAZARD HANDLING

Sir: This is not a gripe but a plea for better handling of National Service Life Insurance. I wanted to keep mine, but dropped it. Thousands of others will do the same because of incompetency in the handling of veterans' insurance. If private insurance companies were to handle their business and deal with their patrons in such a haphazard manner they would not last six months. I realize the heads of the VA have a big job and they are

trying hard to facilitate matters, but there are many gross inefficiencies.

G. R. HILL

Seagoville, Texas

THE CASE FOR LABOR

Sir: I had seriously contemplated sending a "crying towel" to Roger W. Carter whose letter was printed in your November issue. After blasting the labor movement, particularly Lewis, Whitney and Johnson, and also some pro-labor Congressmen, Carter called for the preservation of the "right of collective bargaining." Then in the same breath he gasped: "Collective bargaining, that is, not collective racketeering." Is it fair that the entire labor movement should be criticized and even condemned because a few individuals have used it for the furtherance of their own malicious and evil gains and have been brought to justice by the testimony of good labor men? We must not forget that, if we take that attitude, we must also condemn all industry because they too have had in their ranks such people as the Garssons, the Nickels and even a man named Whitney. Let us also remember that we hear of and read of only those unions which go on strike, but not of those which seldom have labor troubles, this latter figure for A.F.L. unions reaching over 99 percent. Yes, Mr. Carter, less than one percent of all the A.F. of L. unions went on strike in 1945.

THOMAS C. ARNOLD

Milwaukee

The Legion believes in collective bargaining and the only element it quarrels with is within that "less than one percent" Mr. Arnold mentions. See How To Solve Labor Disputes, page 10.

NOTCHES FOR GAME

Sir: Archibald Rutledge in his article *Bucks I Have Known* in your November issue, must be a great hunter. "Barely catching the glint of horns, I fired blindly," he says describing a deer hunting episode. He also says he has 207 bucks to his credit. How many fellow-hunters are included in that count? Those two lines ruined the whole story for me. I thought I was just a fair hunter. I've never even shot a deer, though I've tried, but now I'm at least a notch higher than Archie, 'cause I would probably have 208 if I fired blindly.

VETERAN

Sharon, Pennsylvania

AN EX-PEON SPEAKS

Sir: Captain Abington's letter in your October issue had me raving for awhile. This character may have been a good guy and in that case I don't blame him for wanting people to know that he is a good egg, but to try to kid the "stay at home American" about the "average officer" is a bit asinine. I was a peon myself and have served many an officer (from lieutenants to a couple of generals) their breakfast in bed and it didn't happen occasionally, but often. Naturally, being a peon, it was either serve 'em or do time in the brig. I also did some time in a regimental band and I have

seen guys do as much as thirty days in the brig for playing one sour note. This same bandmaster marched a whole band to the brig in Virginia and had them locked up for ten days because they happened to swing his favorite classic. Another case happened in combat where a captain forced a private to dig him a foxhole while he hid out in a bomb shelter. The private was killed a few minutes later obeying the order. On that same campaign another officer sent a corporal to the front lines from bivouac to salvage mess gear because he forgot to address him as "Sir." He lost both legs and an eye. Here's to the officer who was a good Joe. I knew one once and we loved him. To the ninety-day wonders (soda jerks, bellhops, etc.) I give my sympathy. They will never live it down.

NORTON FARRAGUT

Indianapolis

OILMAN SPARE THEM FISH

Sir: There is much talk about the Legion sponsoring this drive and that. How about the Legion doing something about the pollution of our streams by the big oil and timber companies. This is a crying shame. There used to be plenty of fish in the streams around here before oil came in, but now it is a joke to go fishing.

MASON GIBBS

Flat Fork, Kentucky

THEY WRITE ON IMPULSES

Sir: In several of your recent issues I was impressed by the cartoons entitled IMPulses by Ponce de Leon, which seem to convey a new type of deep humor. I hope there will be more of these in subsequent issues.

FREDERICK F. CICALO

Bridgeport

Sir: The IMPulses cartoon on page 36 of your November issue was one of the funniest jobs we've seen in a long time. We were pretty much impressed by the originality of the idea and the style of cartooning, and wondered if you are planning to have this as a regular feature. We're waiting for the next one.

THOMAS M. PLONK, JR.

ARTHUR E. EARLEY

J. BEN ROUZIE, JR.

Chapel Hill, North Carolina

Sir: I really must put in my bit of praise for the recent cartoon IMPulses. Terrific! As an ex-WAC I've had on more than one occasion the impulse to do as portrayed by our unnamed GI hero in the cartoon. More power to this Ponce de Leon character. Him—I like.

BERNICE SKOLNIK

Baltimore

Sir: I'm a service man now stationed in Philadelphia and after seeing your cartoon IMPulses I couldn't help wanting to congratulate you. I have seen thousands of cartoons but none as clever as these.

CPL. JOHN P. MCCANN

Philadelphia

There will be more IMPulses



Help spread the word!

Enlistments open for service in the Far East with famous Army divisions

Some of the most famous divisions in the U. S. Army Ground Forces are now on peacetime duty in Japan and Korea. They include such great outfits as the 1st Cavalry, 6th Infantry, 7th Infantry, 11th Airborne, 24th Infantry and 25th Infantry Divisions.

For the first time in history, young men who measure up to Regular Army standards can now, by enlisting for 3 years, *choose their division and overseas theater!*

It's a great chance for picked young men, after initial training in the U. S., to visit the beauty spots of the Orient and do constructive, interesting work in guarding the peace. Excellent living conditions, plenty of recreational and sports facilities and high pay make this a particularly attractive opportunity for qualified men.

Overseas pay—20% higher than in the U. S.—starts at \$90 a month for a Private, with every chance of advancement. In addition he has food, clothing, quarters, medical and dental care and many other benefits. Few civilian jobs can match this one for net income. None can match it for travel, adventure and education.

Your organization, co-operating in the enlistment of a fine new Regular Army, has here a golden opportunity to interest the right type of soldier.

**URGE THE FINEST YOUNG MEN
YOU KNOW TO ENLIST NOW
AT THEIR NEAREST
U. S. ARMY RECRUITING STATION**



YOUR REGULAR ARMY SERVES THE NATION AND MANKIND IN WAR AND PEACE

"We're on a real rush job"

THOSE who are waiting for new telephone service can be assured that we are doing our best to get it to them.

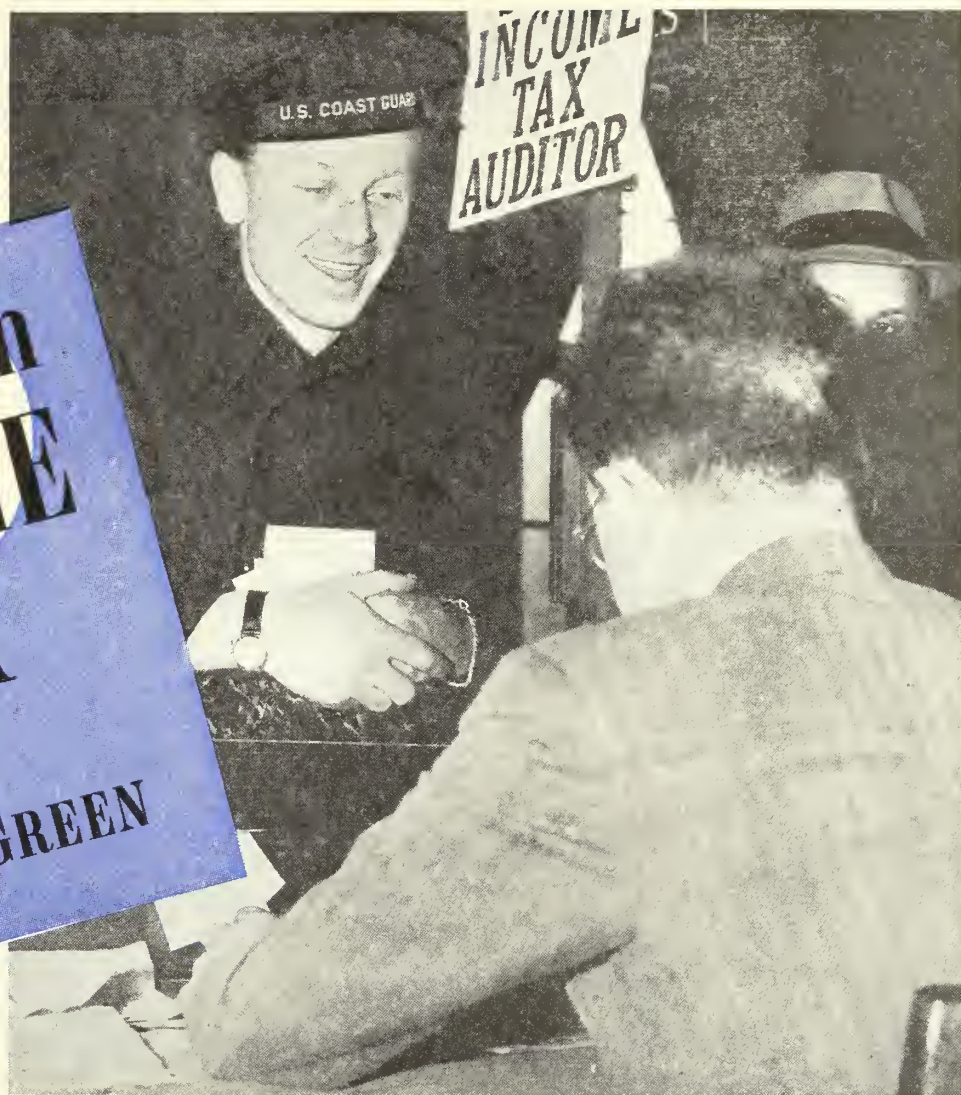
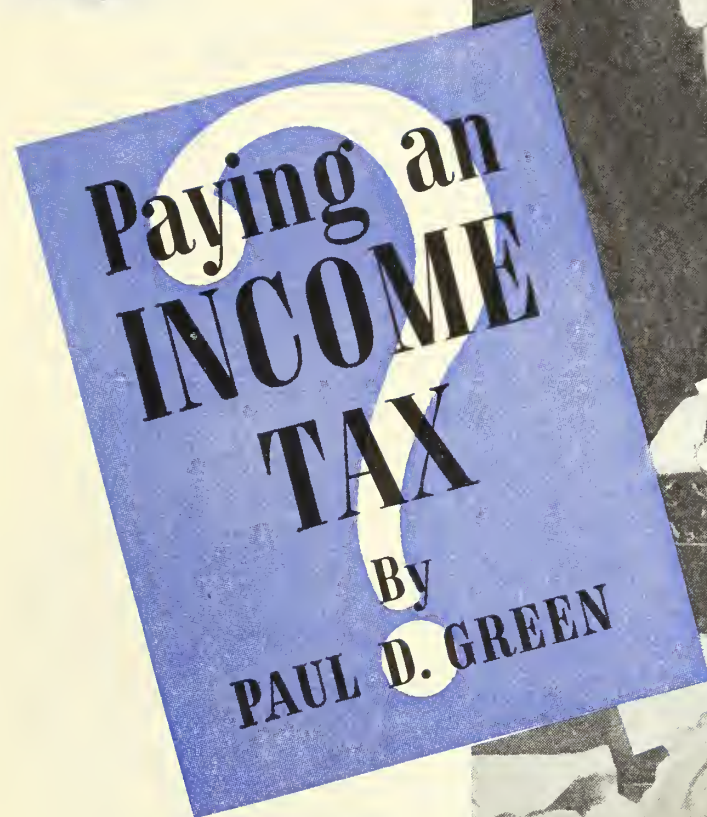
We're adding telephones at the rate of 300,000 a month. That's good. But the job isn't done until we've furnished service to every one who wants it and there isn't a single person on the waiting list.

Getting materials and switchboards and erecting new buildings are our toughest jobs.

It takes more than money and know-how. It takes determination. You have to make up your mind you're going to do it and then get it done somehow. We're doing it that way.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM





Only an estimated 10 percent of non-commissioned men and women discharged from service during 1946 will have to remember March 15th. This will tell you if you owe Uncle Sam money or have a refund due

Some ten to twelve million ex-service-men and women who were released from the armed forces in 1946 will have to deal with the income tax collector next month, many for the first time. But the outlook is cheerful for most of them, because it is estimated that more than 90 percent of former non-commissioned servicemen and women will have no taxes to pay. In fact, a healthy percentage will even have refunds coming to them for overwithheld taxes on civilian pay, or because they may have paid taxes on service income for 1941, 1942, 1943 and 1944 before the Revenue Act of

1945 canceled all taxes for service income of enlisted men.

A member of the armed forces is classified as any person in the Army, Navy, Marine Corps, Army or Navy Nurse Corps, the Coast Guard, the Coast and Geodetic Survey or the U. S. Public Health Service, and the female branches thereof. It does not, however, include members of the Army Specialists Corps, civilian employees of the military branches mentioned above or members of the Merchant Marine.

A non-commissioned or enlisted man or woman is anyone who served under the grade of Second Lieutenant in the Army, or under non-commissioned Warrant Officer in the Navy, Coast Guard or Marines.

We'll attempt to disperse whatever doubts these twelve million men and women may have regarding their tax status with the following presentation of essential facts which may account for

most cases. Any other questions you may have on the subject will be gladly answered by your local tax collector. His address and phone number can be found in the local telephone book under U. S. Government, Collector of Internal Revenue. Tax officers throughout the country are bending over backwards to help vets. In many of the busier metropolitan offices special agents have been assigned to handle veterans' tax problems alone.

If you were a non-commissioned man or woman for part of the year, a civilian for the rest, the following summary should answer most of your questions:
YOU PAY NO TAX ON

- (1) Your service pay, including extra pay for overseas service, flying time and longevity;
- (2) Your mustering-out pay;
- (3) Benefits accruing from the G.I. Bill of Rights, such as the \$20 a week (*Continued on page 44*)

HOW TO SOLVE LABOR PROBLEMS

By JUDGE JOHN C. KNOX

Senior United States District Judge for the Southern District of New York

Labor relations in the United States have developed so unsatisfactorily in recent years that labor itself, as well as management and the public, has begun to see the imperative necessity for a change. Groups of every kind are more and more expressing their opinions, and almost no one defends conditions as they are. All but a handful of extremists see plainly that legislation of some kind is both necessary and inevitable, and it is especially encouraging that so influential and patriotic an organization as the American Legion should have adopted at its national convention in San Francisco last October a resolution calling for Congressional action in this field.

Every thoughtful person realizes that it will not be a simple task properly and completely to solve our labor problem. But much ignorant comment has given many people the impression that such difficulties as are inherent in relations between employes and employers are almost insuperable. It is plain to me, however, after having presided in court for twenty-eight years and having heard an endless series of cases that represent almost every possible kind of human relationship, that that of employe and employer is far less complex than any number of others the problems of which we have long since learned to solve satisfactorily. In fact, once our labor problem is reduced to its basic elements, it resolves itself into the very simplest of formulas: The need for justice to labor, for justice to management, and for justice to the public.

That methods now in use all too fre-

quently fail to bring justice to any of the groups affected is plain to everyone. But this is due less to any inherent difficulties than to the fact that under our present system disputes between labor and management that are incapable of solution over the conference table are not settled peaceably in courts of law, as all others are. Instead, they degenerate into strikes, which are nothing more than trials of strength—modern counterparts of the uncivilized, medieval “trial by battle.” Results of a kind are attained, it is true, but these results are rarely more than temporary, except as they have created the widespread prejudice and distrust that form the only portion of the labor problem that is really difficult of solution.

It is on this account that we are faced with the necessity of changing our methods. It is essential for us to develop orderly procedures that will make reasonably certain the attainment of essential justice for everyone involved—labor, management, and the public. And in doing so we must bring about the elimination of that hurtful atmosphere of animosity which, for the first time in our history, has gone so far toward creating an un-American class consciousness that cannot fail to conflict with our basic concepts which have always rested, and must continue to rest, on equality under the law.

It was apparently with these ideas in mind that the labor resolution of The American Legion was adopted, and it is interesting to note that though arbitration was proposed, “legislation to

require settlement of labor disputes when arbitration has failed” was proposed as well. This, as experience has taught us, is essential, for arbitration in the field of labor is not new, and it has frequently failed. As a matter of fact, other methods as well have been tried and have failed, as is illustrated by an experiment initiated in 1920 in the State of Kansas, when a Court of Industrial Relations was created.

The law that brought this institution into existence named those employments and industries that were held to be subject to supervision “for the purpose of preserving the public peace, and preventing industrial strikes,” and the Special Court was authorized to make such changes “as are necessary . . . in the matters of working and living conditions, hours of labor, rules and practices and a reasonable minimum wage or standard of wages,” which, however, were to be “just and reasonable.”

Not long after this court was established the employes of the Wolf Packing Company filed a petition for an increase in wages. After a hearing, the court granted the increase, but the company refused to comply, and the matter ultimately reached the U. S. Supreme Court.

Whereupon it was held that the act that established the Industrial Court, in so far as it permitted fixing wages in the packing plant, was unconstitutional, being “in conflict with the Fourteenth Amendment,” and depriving the operator of the packing plant of

**CAN ANYONE PREFER THE IRRATIONAL METHODS OF STRIKES AND LOCKOUTS
TO THE ORDERLY AND IMPARTIAL METHODS OF OUR COURTS OF LAW?**



JUDGE JOHN C. KNOX

PORTRAIT BY EDWARD M. STEVENSON

both property and liberty of contract "without due process of law."

This decision, which was handed down only 23 years ago, seems, in view of more recent developments, to be almost archaic. What court would hold today that a statute compelling an employer to pay a minimum wage was an abridgement of his liberty, or that it deprived him improperly of either property or the liberty of contract? Minimum wages, maximum hours, time and a half for overtime, and many other requirements are all a part of established law today. For the fact is that the law is far less static than many folk imagine. It may be that Finley Peter Dunne's "Mr. Dooley" was overly cynical when he said that "Th' Supreme Coort follows th' illiction returns," but it is perfectly plain that that august body tends, with some accuracy, though perhaps

with some delay, to reflect the attitude of the people. And the people are almost as prone to develop "styles" in their legal concepts as in their clothes. At the

moment it appears that stricter control is about to come into fashion, and on that account the American Legion's San Francisco labor resolution may play an important part in future development.

It is to be most devoutly hoped that hurried and patchwork labor legislation, of which we have had far more than enough in recent years, will now give way to more thoughtful and more fully rounded proposals. And, in our attempts to solve this problem, it seems vital to me that we, as a people, should decide the matter primarily in our own great interest, and only secondarily in the interest of capital, labor, or any other lesser group. It is only in that way that we are likely to correct a situation that has within it potential dangers so gigantic as to threaten, if they are not eliminated, not merely the future of what we have always known as "the American idea," but also of America itself.

It is an odd fact that though we, in America, have developed a system of law and justice that is unsurpassed in all the world for impartiality and fairness, we have, at the same time, carefully kept the most important of the affairs of labor from coming under the control of this system. I can only imagine that it was with some vague idea that labor would thereby profit that we have permitted this strange situation to arise. But whatever the reason, it is now abundantly clear that our present methods of handling labor problems too often result in marked partiality and great unfairness. In fact, when strikes result, as they too often do, justice is never assured (*Continued on page 34*)

BE IT RESOLVED that The American Legion petition Congress to enact legislation to require settlement of labor disputes when arbitration has failed, and to restore to the American people the kind of government our comrades died to preserve; and be it further

RESOLVED that such legislation first require unions and management to arbitrate their differences and second, require unions to operate under charters requiring public statement of all income, salaries and expenditures; and be it further

RESOLVED that unions and management be required by law to be held fully responsible, legally and financially, for all contracts to which they are parties.—*Resolution adopted at San Francisco National Convention of The American Legion, October 4, 1946.*



SPEED QUEENS OF THE GULF

BY S. KIP FARRINGTON, JR.

Illustration by W. Goady Lawrence

The Blue water along the western edge of the Gulf Stream that runs northward so close to the Florida shore, from Stuart to Key West, provides wonderful angling for the beautiful Atlantic sailfish, this country's best known and most widely publicized citizen of the deep. It is there the year around, as are the wahoo, the lovely dolphin, jackrabbit of the oceans of the world, the gamey kingfish, the bonitas, and in February and March the white marlin, smallest member of that

family. In those same months a few of the lightning fast Allison tuna are also picked up on the same grounds off Florida's metropolis, whose skyline always presents an interesting contrast to the white sandy beaches and the palm trees of the shore line.

In closer to the shore are the reefs where barracuda, big amberjack, groupers, snappers and many other species make their home, and each gives the angler his own brand of thrill.

But the fish that has given me my biggest moments in those waters is the blue marlin. You are lucky to hook one at all, for the blue marlin boasts the hardest mouth of all the bill fish, making it doubly difficult to drive the hook home; and it make the fastest initial run of any fish I have ever seen, although the Pacific black marlin is just about as fast. The blue marlin follows his flashy run up with three or four more of the same kind, and he jumps



STREAM

all over the surface of the Gulf Stream with a dazzling exhibition of grey-hounding, tail-walking and somersaulting. When this is all over he is still able to sound to a depth of 500 feet when you are doing your utmost to stop him.

His piscatorial acrobatics place him in a class by himself. I have counted one fish make 44 jumps clean out of the water in a single battle.

Actually I do not think the blue marlin fears anything that swims. He can run away from any shark or number of sharks, and I even believe he can fight off the ferocious mako, which is the only shark worth catching. But when

a hooked marlin tires, or is hooked deep in the gills or the stomach the sharks usually try to gang up on him, and it is up to the angler and his boatman to work fast to do all in their power to get the prize aboard. And in the Gulf Stream sharks are ever present to worry the marlin fisherman who has his game hooked.

Three excursions stand out in my memory of Florida blue marlin fishing. I won't tell about the ones I didn't hook, though there were a few. There were more that I hooked that got away after doing an opening hundred yards in what seemed a good deal better than ten seconds.

But I will tell you, and I am not exaggerating, that on these three memorable excursions I lost four fish that I had on my line, for from six minutes to one hour and forty-eight minutes; and that each one of these great marlin most conservatively weighed 800 pounds or more. How do I know they would have gone that big? Well, after you have seen as many big blue marlin as I have, behind your bait and in the air, not to mention the ones that my guides have viewed (and after having looked at some of the big ones that have been caught commercially) I think you would also tend to under-estimate their weight. I find that all of us who see a lot of big fish are always low on them.

was in the boat in fifty-two minutes. A typical three way fight; a surface race, aerial zooms, deep sounding.

A couple of days later I had another fast strike alongside a south bound tanker, and the fish never was in the water the first five minutes, flying over the surface under the tanker's stern for the entire time. The ship's crew had a grandstand seat for one of the most amazing shows I have ever seen any fish produce. I got him up to the boat in short order and for the next four minutes he almost took me sidewise out of the chair with the most terrific head-shaking, as he died of convulsions, having been hooked in the stomach so that he was bleeding to death. He also weighed 426 pounds, oddly enough.

The following morning I came out of Bimini harbor mouth and had just come to the edge of the stream when the man fishing with me hooked a beautiful blue marlin. He had been fishing both rods and as I was about to pull the other line out of the outrigger and take it in my friend lost his fish. So luckily for me I did not have to take the other bait out. This was the mating season and lots of times the fish traveled in pairs. The bait was well under water and the boat stopped, and believe it or not, my mackerel was pulled out of the outrigger. Nobody on board saw the fish that grabbed it, but they all told me it was

"What were your most thrilling moments fishing in Florida waters?" we asked this authority on big game fish. Here's his answer

In these three trips I took six fish. The first, who weighed 426 pounds, we first saw in a school of dolphin knocking them around as if they were chips of wood and picking up the ones that he wanted. This marlin was a hot, hungry fish and grabbed the bait on the run. I had no difficulty hooking him, after which he charged around the surface like a torpedo boat for about twenty minutes, then jumped all over the ocean for an equal length of time, fought deep for ten minutes more and

just one more damn shark. However, I had had experience enough to play him for a marlin and I threw off the drag and gave the fish a good deal of slack before striking it.

As I had not been fishing, my hands were covered with coconut oil that I had been putting on my back for sun protection, and I can still feel the line-burn I received when the slipper butt turned and the reel went over on my wrist. Within two minutes I knew instinctively that (*Continued on page 39*)



Jake

Jake's delight gurgled in his throat as he saw the hooks reach out for the folds of Droopy's pants

Genny McGreal was out on the back porch doing a washing when she saw old Jake Miller coming out of the brush at the far end of the yard. He was carrying something that from a distance looked about the size and shape of a cane. Only Genny knew it wasn't a cane and it worried her a little. It was a fishing rod, unjointed and tucked into a cloth carrying bag.

The woodshed hid Jake for a moment and when he came back into view, his hands were empty. He called out "Mornin', Gen'veive," and came along the path toward her, his saddle-leather face, stippled with a two-day growth of beard, friendly as the sunshine.

Genny wiped the soapy water from her hands and arms and went over to the top of the steps to wait for him.

Next to Fred, her husband, Jake Miller was her favorite person. And it wasn't all the prejudice of her knowing that Jake once came as close as the four dollar marriage license fee to being her father. She knew there wasn't a kindlier man in the township, nor one quicker to spend his carefully hoarded energy where it would do the most good. Some of Rush Creek's sterner patrons of hard work might look on him as a shiftless, good-for-nothing, who never was known to do a day's labor and took a lazy man's pride in it, but Genny wasn't

one to condemn a fellow being so readily.

As he came up to the foot of the steps he asked: "How's Fred this mornin'?"

"About the same. Going fishing?"

Jake looked down at his empty hands. "Whatever gave you that idea?"

"Y'needn't pretend, you old fraud. I saw you coming out of the brush. You left it back of the woodshed."

Jake slid into a comfortable position on the porch. The girl sat down on the top step beside him. "You're going fishing for bass, over in Rush Creek Pond."

His look was one of righteous amazement. "What kinda talk is that, Genny? You know, well's I do, it's agin' the law to fish in Rush Creek Pond. Township ordinance."

"Yes. Also, it's against state law to shoot quail this time of year. But yesterday morning I found three, all nicely dressed, in the porch cooler there."

"Y'did?" He pulled papers and tobacco from the pocket of his faded cotton shirt, began fashioning himself a cigarette. "Well," he nodded solemnly, "quail's a mighty tasty dish for a fella laid up flat with a busted hip. How'd Fred like 'em?"

"He loved them—every bite. Just as

he'll like the bass you're going after in the Pond. Only, you shouldn't do it. You'll get into trouble."

Jake let a comforting cloud of smoke pour from his nostrils.

"Genny, you fret too much. Anyhows, who said I left those quail here? Or if any bass show up mysterious-like, 'twas me done it? Enjoy the gifts that life sees fit to shower down on you and don't ask too many questions."

Genny's smile was warm enough, but her head wagged an emphatic negative. "Supposin' you run into Rance Hooper?"

Jake made a face as though someone had slipped a spoonful of cascara-bark tea into his mouth. In all Rush Creek he had only one real enemy, Droopy Pants Hooper. Named Ransome by his parents, but from small boy days he had been known as Droopy Pants to Jake Miller, the natural consequence of a hind-side ballooning to Ransome's trousers, dating from the first pair he ever wore; a sartorial sag that stayed with him as he grew up, emphasized by a squattiness of posture.

As a boy, Jake always had an outlet for his feelings towards Droopy in nose

BY HAL BURDICK

LANDS THE **BIG** ONE

Droopy Pants Hooper was out to catch Jake Miller, but he himself got caught in the end

Illustration
by
EARL BLOSSOM

punching. In manhood, that joy was denied him. Rance was township constable and he would have enjoyed nothing so much as a chance to drag Jake into justice court on a charge of attacking an officer or to catch Jake poaching, which, up to now, he never had been able to do.

A frown squeezed the friendly sparkle out of Jake's eyes as he asked: "What'n time'd you want to mention him for, Genny? This was a fine mornin' up to then."

"He was by here about half hour ago."

"Droopy Pants was here? What'd he want?"

Genny whisked a lock of hair back into place.

"Just being ornery. He gets out here from town every few days. Makes a great to-do he's anxious about Fred, wants to be neighborly. But before he leaves he always mentions the two hundred dollars we still owe on the second-hand tractor Fred bought from him. And how he hopes Fred'll be well enough to get back to work before it comes due."

"Which is a downright lie, 'course—him bein' in position to repossess the tractor and be (Continued on page 29)



PEACE IS A JOB FOR ALL OF US

BY PAUL H. GRIFFITH

National Commander, The American Legion

IN THE MIDST OF WAR the men who do the fighting are not always aware that Victory does not immediately bring Peace. Having achieved the victory, the fighting men quite properly expect the peace to be made on the basis of the causes for which they fought. Failure of statesmanship among allied and associated nations to achieve this result is disappointing and disillusioning. It does not, however, suffice for the men who served under arms merely to complain bitterly about limitations of statecraft. As Chief Justice Vinson was quoted in a recent article in this magazine,

*He is better who lights a candle
Than he who curses the darkness.*

Remembering how sincerely The American Legion strove for peace after the First World War, and having observed how world diplomacy finally failed despite the idealism of the League of Nations, the Briand-Stresemann agreements, and the Kellogg-Briand Pact, we of the now greater Legion approach the road to peace with the same devotion and convictions which belonged to the earlier generations. We have the benefit of past experience, and the added power of numbers. We shall resist any temptation to curse the present darkness beclouding negotiations of the allied victors and befogging the early efforts of the United Nations. We shall, because we must, light a candle and make of it a torch to show a troubled world the way of free people determined to make and maintain a lasting peace.

At its 1946 convention in San Francisco the Legion adopted a resolution about the foreign policy of the United States. That much we have as a guide in our present thinking. We have said that this nation must take a positive stand, keep it above the level of domestic partisanship, support it with the strength we



Drawing by Steven R. Kidd

now possess, and carry on without fear or favor, without subservience or appeasement, on the line of justice and right for all men and all nations.

The United States stands today as one great power which can approach world problems without greed for territory or desire to control the lives of other peoples, and also without fear. As a nation we ask only peace with justice. Our freedom from national avarice and from national timidity exists because we are free men and women, conducting our national life under a constitution protecting that liberty and enabling us to be strong and to use our strength unselfishly. Clearly, then, we must maintain our free way of life at all costs and against all attacks, sustain our strength against all counsels of weakness and surrender, and use our whole force aggressively to lead less happy peoples on the way to peace.

I suggest that every American Legion Post and every American Legion member keep this task of leadership toward the peace of the world foremost in mind. Study it, discuss it, debate it. Bring to your district, department and national conventions the conclusions of your study. This task is too vital to America and to the world to be left to chance. The Legion cannot be satisfied to have only the judgment of national leaders, however able and sincere, on the basic problem of our time. Our program, our effort, our whole progress along the hard road to peace must be the result of effective decision by millions of men and women, informed, enlightened, and intent upon success.

It is not enough to say that we support our President, our Congress and our statesmen. It behooves America to prove our case for the maintenance of liberty and justice for all peoples, in order that peoples may live at peace. Those who bore arms for the victory must bear their share of responsibility to insure the proper fruits of victory. Our full part of this task The American Legion cannot and must not shirk.



*"If you would Brew a better Beer, remember:
Nature is never in a hurry."*

Ideals of the Founder VALENTIN BLATZ, 1826-1894
Master Brewer, son and grandson of Master Brewers

Blatz

BREWER OF BETTER BEER . . .



*For your delight I bring in haste
The whiskey with the sunny taste*



SMOOTH—AND MELLOW AS A SUNNY MORNING

You'll find *more* than just rich, satisfying smoothness in Schenley Reserve. You'll find a *plus* . . . an *extra* measure of enjoyment in its famous Sunny Morning flavor. Try Schenley Reserve . . . America's most popular whiskey!

PRE-WAR
QUALITY

SCHENLEY

RESERVE

RARE BLENDED WHISKEY 86 PROOF. 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. COPR. 1947, SCHENLEY DISTILLERS CORP., N. Y. C.



An artist's conception of the commies' "diamond,"
used to dominate meetings

SLICK TRICKS OF THE COMMIES

BY

KARL BAARSLAG

Few organizations, notably unions, bother to warn their members against even the most common Communist tricks and swindles. Such a head-in-sand attitude is dangerous. It has wrecked more than one union. Communism attacks like a cancer. Detected early and eliminated, it causes little harm. Allowed to grow, it affects the vitals of the organization in such a way that its removal is a critical and sometimes fatal operation.

Legionnaires are in a unique position to clean up these cancerous growths, and do it effectively. No individual by himself can cope with the well organized and highly disciplined commies, but a powerful organization can. How? By careful schooling at Post meetings as to Communist methods, and by an application of this knowledge by Legionnaires.

Many Legionnaires, for example, are members of unions. By working together they can out-manuever any Communist attempts to take over and dominate these

unions. However, let me repeat that this calls for a united front against the commies. No Legionnaire by himself is going to get very far in the rough-and-tumble battle to eliminate the fanatical Party members. And even by working together, Legionnaires will find the job no cinch. You'll be up against some tough and unethical opposition.

To give an example, some years ago I happened to attend a meeting of a union in which I had been active fifteen years before. Most of the members were newcomers to me as I had been away at sea all those years. The routine meeting, which had nothing urgent or important to consider, dragged on for hours because of an endless barrage of prosecuting attorney type of questioning to which the president was subjected by a small group of members apparently

motivated only by a deep concern for their union's welfare. These highly skilled interrogators, who seemed to follow each other in regular batting order, apparently wanted to make sure that their unsalaried officers were sufficiently vigilant, aggressive and constantly "on the job." The general trend of their endless, fine-point questions was not offensive or overly critical.

It was instantly plain to me that the badly harried official did not have the slightest suspicion that something was being put over on him, meeting after meeting, by a well-organized "Fraction" of trained Communist wreckers. His courteous and detailed explanations betrayed the pathetic fact that he assumed that his tormentors were simply asking legitimate, honest, and sincere questions. Neither he nor the non-Communist members realized that this typical Communist tactic of interminable, insinuating questioning was used in all Communist-infested organizations to break down



human patience in the same manner that falling drops of water in the Chinese water torture finally drive the victim into insanity. Exasperated union and other officials finally "blow up" and resign or refuse to run again for office in organizations whose members are so ungrateful and suspicious. This clears the road for Communist office-seekers.

The real, secret purpose of this "Chinese water torture" tactic is twofold. First, it gradually undermines and insidiously destroys confidence in all non-Communist officials. Uncritical members subconsciously draw the inescapable but false conclusion that *perhaps* their officers are not as alert and aggressive as they might be. They certainly sound apologetic and are always making alibis and excuses. Secondly, these "militants" and "progressives," whom some people

suspect of being reds and radicals, certainly have the union's best interests at heart as their vigilant attendance at every meeting demonstrates. Needless to add, Communists tolerate no such criticism in unions under their control.

I turned to a former president of the local, an old friend of mine, and remarked, "Well, I see you have a nice Commy 'Fraction' here and they are really working the 'Diamond' in fine fashion right under your president's nose."

The former union official looked at me in blank astonishment and asked:

"What do you mean by 'Commy Fraction' and the 'Diamond'?"

I was amazed to learn that this well-

informed, old American Federation of Labor man knew absolutely nothing about Communist labor union trickery. He had never been taught how to spot or identify slick-working Stalinists "boring from within." In fact, he was not even sure that these persistent interrogators were Communists but felt they might be "just a bunch of radical troublemakers and soreheads."

The "Fraction" is a rigidly organized, secret caucus which meets before every union and other meeting to plot every action at the meeting down to the minutest detail. A "trade union expert" from the Communist Party hands down the "Line" and latest instructions. Speakers, interrogators, hecklers, introducers and



sure with such slender forces is solved through use of the "Diamond" seating scheme, a little known but most effective Communist device. The drawing illustrates visually just how it works.

An anti-Communist member of the union arises to denounce the Communists or one of their pet projects. Or he criticizes the Soviet Union. Instantly the "Fraction" members, surrounding him (picture, page 19) are on their feet, angrily and loudly denouncing him as a "red-baiter," "fascist," "labor splitter," "imperialist war-monger," or whatever slur seems most effective. If the chairman is a Communist stooge or a weak character, the Moscow wolfpack will collectively torpedo the lone "red-baiter" without further ado. However, if the chairman is a non-Communist who rigidly enforces Robert's Rules of Order, they will continue to attack in relays until the anti-communist is effectively silenced. Most people unfamiliar with this Communist tactic make the erroneous but understandable deduction that with so many obvious Communists seated right around him, the same percentage carried out in the rest of the hall means that 30 to 50 percent of those present are C.P. line supporters. Outrageous open heckling and whispered threats of a good beating at the hands of Communist goons after the meeting, generally serves to discourage such anti-

Communists into dropping the controversy and deciding that "discretion is the better part of valor."

Let us assume, however, that there are other militant anti-Communists further back in the hall. As they take the floor an entirely new set of "Fraction" goons spring to their feet and effectively seal off these new troublemakers in the same vituperative, threatening manner used to squelch the first-mentioned anti-Communist. These men make the same erroneous conclusion as to the strength of the Communists present when they find themselves apparently surrounded by angry, gesticulating comrades and they, too, are probably happy to drop the one-sided, thankless argument. If each person present at such meetings were as fanatical and disciplined as the "Fraction" and knew that he had a strong, well-oiled machine behind him for support and protection, such Communist tactics would obviously be useless. It is, however, a well-known fact that 90 percent of any attendance at general meetings never takes an active part in the proceedings. The Communists therefore only have to worry about the troublesome 10 percent or less who have the intelligence, skill, and courage to spot and fight Communists. In our drawing some 18 or 20 Communists effectively control all opposition in a meeting of several hundred.

The "Diamond" is equally effective in disrupting and breaking up meetings which the Communists consider damaging to them or offensive to Russia. Watch for the "Diamond" at meetings, particularly union meetings known to be Communist-infiltrated. Jot down the names of all speakers who week after week support each other on strictly "Party line" issues. You will soon have a list of most of the "Fraction." But do not hope to trap the "Fraction" secretary—he is too smart and too important to show his hand.

Parliamentary Chicanery

Filibustering and endlessly delaying adjournment for hours beyond the usual time, is another tell-tale Communist trick. Long-winded harangues about some frightening bogeyman like "fascism," the "rising danger of imperialistic war," "labor spies," etc., etc., or endless points of order (*Continued on page 42*)

seconders of resolutions, and the hissing and booing squad are all carefully instructed and rehearsed for their roles. Nothing foreseeable is left to chance. The "Fraction," under the single leadership of the "Fraction Secretary," moves into meetings as a highly trained, smooth-working parliamentary machine. A well-led Communist "Fraction" in action suggests a pack of snarling sheepdogs harrying, splitting, and driving where they will a great flock of thousands of milling, helpless bewildered sheep.

As the Communists in any union or other meeting seldom exceed 7 or 8 percent of those present, the problem of exerting maximum parliamentary pres-



The Legion's Morale Teams

BY RICHARD SEELYE JONES

About 25,000 Americans lost hands or feet, or arms or legs, in the second World War. All but a few of them are now discharged from the army or navy, are fitted with artificial extremities which are known to the trade as prosthetic appliances, and are starting to make their way in the world on the strength of their courage and their "abilities," which are more important than their "disabilities." Their reconversion from hospital beds to happy and useful careers includes surgery and medicine, mechanical limbs, training and employment. It also includes the knowledge that handicaps can be overcome and the decision to overcome them. This latter factor is the key to their recovery, and is called morale. Most of the 25,000 owe something of their new outlook to The American Legion and to four individuals known as Mac and Pearl and Tony and Herman. All except Pearl are amputation cases themselves.

This quartette of showmen, educators,

morale builders and evangelists of rehabilitation made up the Legion teams which toured the army and navy hospitals from mid-1943 to mid-1946 showing the amputees how and why a man can do just as well with synthetic limbs as with those originally provided by nature. Mac is Charles Craig McGonegal, who lost both hands on February 3, 1918, with Co. B, 18th Infantry, First Division, near Seicheprey, and Pearl is Mac's wife and mother of their two boys, one of whom fought in World War II. Walter A. Antoniewicz and Herman Pheffer are Brooklyn boys from two world wars, each of whom in his turn lost both legs in battle, in 1918 and 1944. Tony teamed up with Mac in 1914 and Herman in 1945-46 on their repeated tours of the country, and Pearl went along to talk with the women folks, the wives, mothers, sisters and sweethearts of the amputation cases.

The Legion teams had something to do with all phases of rehabilitation and

Charley McGonegal gives a lesson in eating with artificial appliances at McCloskey General Hospital, Temple, Texas

are still busy, although not as teams, on training and employment tasks and the improvements in prosthetic appliances. Their first and basic task was morale building. A little insight into their problem may be gathered from two excerpts from the hundreds of reports by McGonegal, as follows:

"Private Y. Bilateral arms. Backward type, resentful of wounds. Refused to go out in public. Dislikes to try anything new. Pearl talked to his wife. Got him out for a walk. Got him to assist me with some ambulatory cases. Got him interested. Anticipate complete success with this case."

"Lieutenant Z. Bilateral arms. May require amputations one or both feet. Got him appliances, although stumps are not quite healed. Learned to light own cigarettes, practiced penmanship. Immediately became typical independent

convalescent. Great patience. No matter what further surgery, I have no fear of results in this case."

McGonegal is not a phony optimist. When he says he has no fear for the outcome of an amputee's eventual return to a complete, useful career in life, he means it. He proved the formula in his own case and has seen it proved in many others.

"What is your business," he asked a hospital patient?

"I used to be an aviator," replied the legless casualty, in a tone indicating that everything was now in the past.

"Used to be, hell!" said Mac. "You are an aviator." McGonegal himself has flown, solo, for many hours, using his iron claws for fingers. He could show

the flyer an article by Major Alexander de Seversky, fighter pilot, inventor, manufacturer of airplanes, who has said, "I owe my career to having lost a leg."

Tony and Herman are optimists, too, and sometimes add a touch of comedy to their morale work.

"Don't your stumps hurt," a bilateral leg amputee asked Herman?

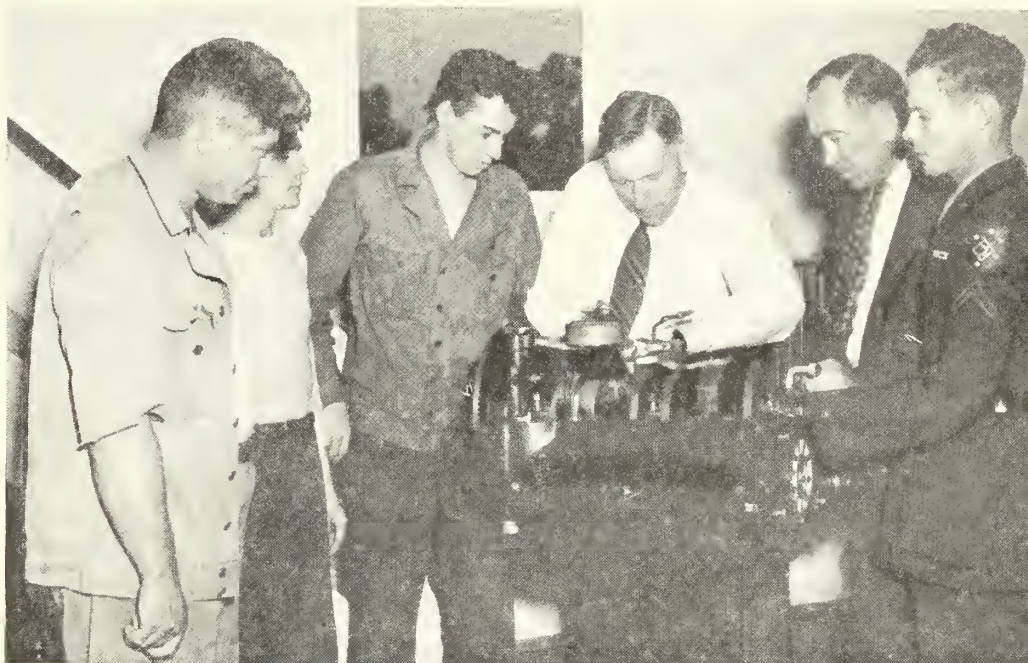
"Sometimes a little," Herman an-

swered truthfully, "but I am not troubled with corns or bunions."

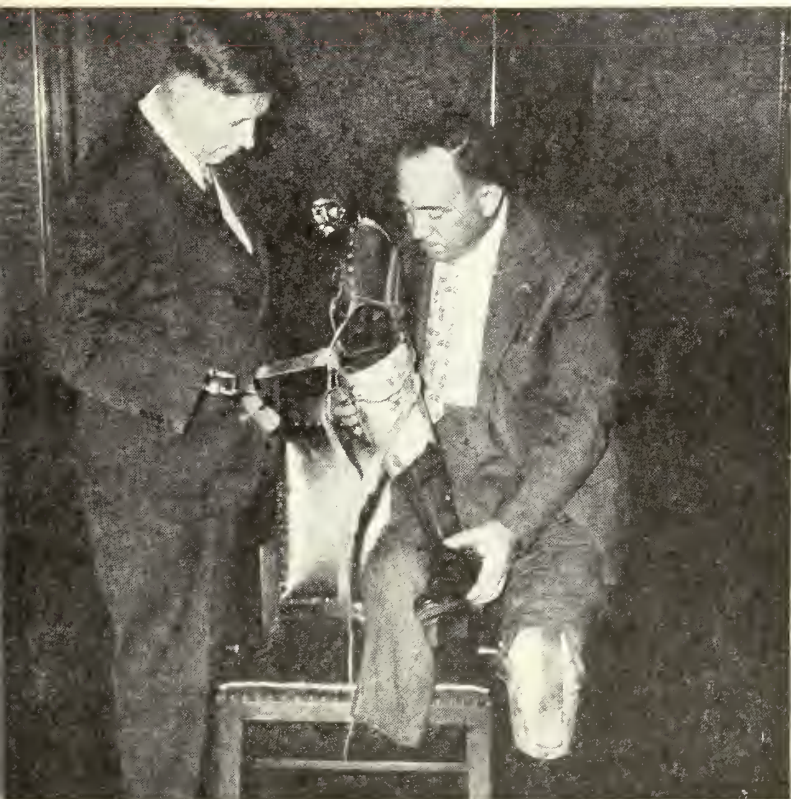
"How can a guy like me ever have a girl, or get married," another bed patient asked Tony?

"Ever see my pin-up girls," replied Antoniewicz, and pulled up a pants leg to exhibit the bathing beauties he had pasted on his artificial limbs? It was an act of Tony's, (Continued on page 49)

Four individuals—Mac, Pearl, Tony and Herman—have been proving to 25,000 amputees that their abilities are far greater than their disabilities



Mac tackles the innards of a motor; Tony is at his left



Mac, at left, sees what makes Tony run



Herman is a double leg amputee of WW2

LOOK



least two years before major league baseball climbs back to its pre-war level. In the interim last year's champions and heroes will continue to hold sway, and 1947 and 1948 will be pretty much like 1946.

Those four new managers tell the story. Baseball is looking ahead to the day, two years hence, when young men of the post-war world will rule the diamond, and until they do the pre-war veterans will continue to write the same book they wrote last year. A look at the new managerial choices will show what I mean.

Affected in baseball's greatest managerial turnover are the New York Yankees and the St. Louis Browns, of the American League, and the Cincinnati Reds and Pittsburgh Pirates of the National League. Without exception the new men chosen to guide the clubs are especially skilled in the handling of youngsters just out of the minors.

What does the future hold for big league baseball, who will be the top teams this year and next, what will be the brand of ball fans will see during the next few seasons and who will be the diamond heroes? Hot stove leagues are pondering these questions today while the ball players are keeping their eyes on the scales and looking forward to spring training and the signing of new contracts.

Insofar as there are any general trends in baseball, the tipoff has already been made by the four major league clubs which signed new managers last fall—and the word is that it will be at

Illustration
by
WILLARD MULLIN

TO THE ROOKIES!

BY
OSCAR FRALEY

These new pilots will be expected to do the best with what is on hand during the 1947 season, a year in which the veterans again must carry the load. But the established performers decided the outcome of the last World Series and the odds are that the well-stocked Cardinals and Red Sox will be up there again at the finish.

The youngsters simply aren't ready. The kids from the minors who always have altered the balance of power need another season of seasoning. But they are coming, those new faces.

So the plans are not for the season ahead. The winning strategy and the big blueprints are for 1948—and even 1949—when the rush from the minors gets under way.

That raises the managerial problem and brings to the fore the men who have shown repeatedly that they are able hands when it comes to dealing with youngsters. The four new appointees have displayed this talent in the minors and on the playing field—a faculty which under current conditions is expected to pay great premiums in the future.

Take Johnny Neun of the Cincinnati Reds, a chunky, soft-spoken man of 46 who succeeded Deacon Bill McKechnie. Johnny showed his ability to polish the kids as a winning minor league manager in the Yankee chain. He was great with the youngsters and for him they produced.

A former first baseman for the Detroit Tigers and Boston Braves, Neun filtered into the Yankee system in 1932 and successively piloted four of the New York farm teams to minor league pennants. He turned the trick with Akron of the Middle Atlantic League, Norfolk of the Piedmont League, Newark of the International League and Kansas City of the American Association. They took him up to the Yanks as a coach in 1944 and made him acting manager last season after Bill Dickey resigned. That was only a temporary setup and Johnny knew it, so he leaped at the Cincinnati offer.

McKechnie's forte was handling pitchers but the Deacon of late wasn't too handy with kids. Johnny is, and the Reds know it. Neun does, too, and is banking on them.

The minors were strangled during the war years and young players were not developed. They started back last season and another year will make them ready for a major league call. Neun, one of those who believe baseball is two years away from its pre-war level, knows he can't work a miracle with the second division Reds this year but intends to see they get their share of the newcomers.



"You'll see a half dozen or more youngsters making the grade this year, but not eight or ten threatening on each club as in the old days," Neun explained. "The combination of youth with age made for great teams. So overall, baseball won't reach its pre-war standard this coming season because the kids won't be ready."

Florid-faced Warren Giles, Cincinnati's astute general manager who surprised the baseball world by picking the virtually unknown Neun, is solidly behind his freshman manager.

"We are banking on Johnny and the way he handles the kids," Giles explained. "That's why we picked him, because he proved to us in the minors

that he can direct youngsters and they'll go all out for him. We won't win this year, or probably even in 1948, but watch us after that."

The Reds need just about everything, but particularly power. They'll get a bit of outfield help in two rookies from their Columbia, S. C., farm. One is Ted Kluszewski, 22-year-old left-hander who in his first year of pro ball was near the top of the Sally League in hitting. The former University of Indiana athlete is 6:02 and weighs 205 pounds. Much, too, is expected of his running mate, Frank Baumholtz, a stocky 175-pounder who was a Sally League pitchers' problem.

Two others who may provide some help are first baseman Les Goldstein, brought up near the end of the season, and pitcher Earl Harrist, 24-year-old right hander who authored two no-hitters with Syracuse.

Of course it won't be enough to make the Reds a contender.

And the St. Louis Browns, bothered last season by dissension, put the finger on another fellow who can work well with youngsters—Harold (Muddy) Ruel. Muddy, fifty-year-old assistant to Commissioner A. B. (Happy) Chandler, was drafted for the job, and like Neun, will be a first-year major league pilot.

Soft-spoken, quiet, poised and modest, Ruel succeeded Luke Sewell, who also had difficulty with youngsters from time to time. Muddy played with the Yankees, Red Sox, Washington Senators and Detroit Tigers and was known most widely heretofore as the great Walter Johnson's favorite catcher.

He has, however, the psychology and demeanor to bring out the best in the kids, a point he proved repeatedly as a Chicago White Sox coach.

Ruel always is striving in his quiet way to drive home a point. He used interviewing newspapermen to tell rookie pitchers that they could master big league hitters as they did down in Shreveport, simply to bolster their confidence. It even reached the point once where he had *(Continued on page 26)*



LOOK TO THE ROOKIES

(Continued from page 25)

a player's barber selling the performer on a new batting stance.

That the Ruel solicitude and persistence does not wear down a player after repeated applications is bound up in what may be termed roughly a "flattery technique." To Ruel each player is better than his record shows. He stirs the vanity and makes his subject desire, rather than reject, the constant interminable suggestions and re-proofs.

His talents will get a tremendous workout with the Browns, another club which needs an almost complete overhauling. Muddy has but one fellow coming up who probably will stay, although there are several other possibilities.

The prime candidate is pitcher Fred Sanford, a 200-pounder who moved up from Toledo late in the season to hurl several nice games before the curtain came down. He won two and lost one in his trial, one of which was a 1 to 0 five-hitter against the Yankees.

Possibilities are first baseman Jerry Witte, most valuable player in the American Association, and his Toledo teammate, catcher Lester Moss. Witte, who hit 46 homers with Toledo, came up late and failed against major league hurling. Moss, who hit well in his debut, has a fine arm and a good temperament but is built small for a major league receiver.

The Brownie management believes that Muddy will bring out the best in them and the other youngsters coming along by 1948.

The Pittsburgh Pirates have the same idea about William Jennings (Billy) Herman, a personality player who long has worked smoothly with the kids as a key player with the Chicago Cubs, Brooklyn Dodgers and Boston Braves. He succeeds Fordham Frankie Frisch, a nice guy but frightening to an awkward rookie.

Bill, too, is a freshman pilot in the major leagues. He was mentioned once before as a managerial possibility, during the days when he was a star with the Cubs and the team was split by dissension. Herman missed the boat, however, and was

THE colorful character whose superb cunning this true tale publicizes was the typical man-about-town. The town in this case was Bayonne, N. J., but it could be any town since Harry the Slick has prototypes everywhere.

Harry was handsome and dapper, and had achieved fame as the prize ballroom dancer of the state. He was never known to work yet he never went hungry. He possessed a curb-stone wit and an all-around knowledge of the interesting things in life. He was a three-card-monte guy and could mark all the face cards by shuffling the deck once. Yet he never found himself in trouble with the law.

After one of the many Benny Leonard-Johnny Dundee fights, about fifteen years ago, the Bayonne crowd returned to town and gathered at Gregory's Restaurant, an all-night dive popular with the gutter and yeggmen at the time, but long since closed. In their company was a prominent and flashy sportsman from out of town, so bedecked with jewelry that he looked like an explosion in a diamond mine. But somehow all the precious stones of Arabia couldn't efface the coarse and unpleasant impression the fellow conveyed.

During the course of the evening, the fellow reached into his vest pocket and brought forth one particularly gigantic diamond that played over the place like a headlight. Harry, who was sitting off in a corner, wistfully eyeing the stranger all evening, was now mesmerized. He got up and slowly approached the table just as he heard the sport offer to part with the stone for \$600. Harry, at the time, had an overpowering yen for Tiffany ice. What's more, he was well heeled at the time since his mother had passed away that month leaving him a bale of dough. Two thousand bucks to be exact. After a little bartering, the ownership of the prized article changed hands for the stipulated sum. As Harry the Slick left the chowry, suppressed tittering struck his ear. He said nothing.

The next day he called upon Cohen, a jeweler around the corner, from whom he learned that the diamond was paste, and the gold ring worth but \$26. Harry didn't betray his feelings. He merely asked for, and examined some real diamonds, and found one closely resembling the phoney in the ring.

By pledging \$1200, and giving the jeweler one hundred for the loan of it, Harry hired the diamond for a few days. He then went to Jeweler Wigord, across the way, had the paste removed from his ring and the real diamond set.

Harry's pals, knowing how he had been taken in, impatiently awaited his reappearance at Gregory's that night. To their astonishment he bounded into the place in high spirits. He kept flourishing the ring, boasting of the bargain, and said that if there was any other gent present who had another \$1200 ring to sell for six hundred, he knew a purchaser. A group called him aside and tried to drum it into his skull that the diamond was paste and that he had been swindled. Harry, throughout their feverish attempts to convince him, merely grinned like the Cheshire Cat.

Bets were offered that the ring did not contain a real diamond. Harry said he'd just as lief double his dough. Two men bet \$300 and two bet \$75. All wagers were taken by Harry, who throughout the bickering exhibited an expression of bland larceny, beautiful to behold.

A stakeholder was chosen and the money placed in his hand. Then the whole gang, as if on a glorious lark, trekked uptown to the town's best jeweler. This expert applied all the tests and then flabbergasted the gang with the startling announcement that the stone was a flawless diamond and worth, without the setting, \$1200. Pocketing his \$750 winnings, Harry quietly left the store.

His next stop was at the jewelry shop where he had rented the genuine diamond. He returned the stone and got back his \$1200. Then, replacing the paste diamond in the ring, he returned to Gregory's. The original owner of the ring, apprised of the bet's outcome, was waiting for him. Cornering Harry, he told him the whole thing was just a joke and now he'd like to have his ring back. But Harry was stubborn, and refused to be convinced that the owner knew it was genuine when he had sold it. Only when the sport offered to pay \$800 for his ring did Harry part with the ring.

An hour later, so the story goes, the sportsman was seen emerging from a jewelry store livid with rage. Harry, however, had left Bayonne.—By *Buster Rothman*.





bartered off to Brooklyn as a "clubhouse lawyer," a malcontent. It was a bum rap. So now it seems like poetic justice that Herman, who succeeded Frisch as key-stone ace of the National League, should replace Fordham Frankie as Pirate manager.

The thick-set, 37-year-old from New Albany, Indiana, appeared to be a good choice for the Buccaneers. During the Branch Rickey "youth movement" in Brooklyn, Herman was one of the few veterans who could get into the lineup and work smoothly with the kids. They liked him, admired him—and listened to him.

Herman's will be one of the toughest jobs in the majors with his hopes necessarily tied up in the future instead of the present. To get him as manager the Pirates gave up Bob Elliott and catcher Hank Camelli. In the return trade they got, with Herman, an in-and-out hurler named Elmer Singleton and veteran infielder Bill (Whitey) Weitelmann.

By trades, the Bucs will attempt to stay in the 1947 picture, as evidenced when they obtained 33-year-old Ernie Bonham, a fork-ball pitcher, from the Yanks, and 40-year-old Art Herring from Brooklyn. They also may get some rather dubious help from Lefty Lee Howard and 26-year-old Jim Walsh, a right-hander from Albany of the Eastern League.

"It's going to be a rough road," Herman admits. "We need plenty of everything. But with the ball club pulling together we may surprise quite a few people. The solution is: plenty of work by all hands."

Stanley (Bucky) Harris, new manager of the New York Yankees, admits he has a "lot of work" ahead to threaten the Red Sox supremacy. The shortage in the House That Ruth Built is to uncover a first baseman and pitchers.

Harris, the one-time "Boy Wonder," was only 28 when he first became a pilot and led Washington to the 1924 world's cham-

DOES *LOTS MORE* THAN KEEP HAIR LOOKING HANDSOME!

Kreml makes unruly hair like this a cinch to comb. At same time removes dandruff flakes. Promptly relieves itching of dry scalp.



Kreml never gives hair this cheap greasy look. Never leaves hair full of sticky goo. Kreml always feels so clean on both hair and scalp.

Kreml assures that prosperous 'Man-of-the-World' appearance!



Kreml Hair Tonic stands for modern, natural-looking hair grooming. Keeps hair in perfect order from morn till night with a rich, attractive lustre yet *never* looks or feels greasy. Kreml actually helps 'condition' the hair in that it leaves it feeling so much softer—easier to manage. Use it daily for a cleaner scalp—for better-groomed hair.

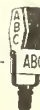
KREML Hair Tonic

A product of R. B. Semler, Inc.



Keeps Hair Better-Groomed Without Looking Greasy—Relieves Itching of Dry Scalp—Removes Dandruff Flakes

Listen to "The New Adventures of Sherlock Holmes" every Monday night coast-to-coast on ABC network. See local newspaper for time.

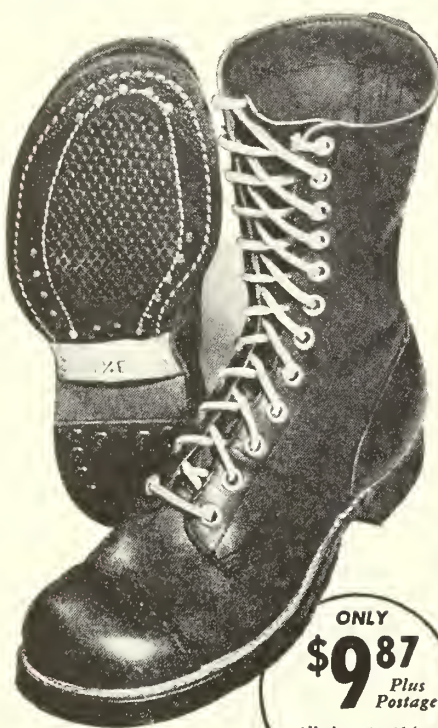


Now Available IN TWO DIFFERENT STYLES

Paratroopers . . . ex-paratroopers . . . sportsmen!!! Here are your boots. For duty, for dress, or for hunting, fishing, hiking and all kinds of outdoor use. The famous soft, comfortable and very rugged boots worn only by paratroopers during the war are now available in two styles . . . one military, the other, civilian . . . both similar in construction, design and high quality standards.

Paratroop Jump Boots

The same boots worn by Paratroopers during war. Comes in tan elk finish. Not government surplus stock.



ONLY
\$9.87
Plus
Postage

All sizes 4-13½;
widths from
AA-EEE.

Paratroop Hunting Boots

Same features as Paratroop Jump boots, only made in heavy-oiled waterproof elk finish.

Send coupon below, enclosing check or money order for \$9.87. Pay postage on receiving boots. Specify size and widths and type wanted. Money back if not satisfied on receiving them.

CORCORAN INC., STOUGHTON, MASS.

Send pair of Paratroop Jump Boots ☐
Hunting Boots ☐
Enclosed find check ☐ or money order ☐
for \$9.87. I will pay postage C.O.D.

Name.....

Address.....

Size and width wanted.....

AL2

pionship. Returning from the minors, he nurses an idea that he might pull another "first" if the rookies are ready.

Bucky names six of the old Yankces as key men. They are Joe DiMaggio, Charley Keller, Tommy Henrich, Phil Rizzutto, Snuffy Stirnweiss and Aaron Robinson. He will try to keep Henrich in the outfield but may put him at first if one of four newcomers pull through. They are Frank Colman, up by way of Pittsburgh; young Al Clark of Newark; Jack Phillips, recently returned from service, or Cliff Mapes, drafted from Baltimore.

Larry Berres, 21-year-old Newark catcher, may strengthen the catching. He's a potential Yankee of the old order, a long ball blaster against whom the International League used a defensive shift *a la* Ted Williams. Bobby Brown, 22-year-old Newark third baseman who was second among the league's hitters, also is ready.

The Yanks will take 28 pitchers to spring training, an indication of their real problem. Four young right handers counted upon heavily are Frank Shea, one of the best in the west at Oakland; Vic Raschi from Newark, who won two coming up late last season; Karl Drews, Newark farmhand, and Carl de Rose, an American Association All Star at Kansas City.

No matter how rosy they try to paint the picture, most of the clubs simply are marking time. There will be many a trade in an effort to add strength for the coming pennant race, as evidenced by the opening swap in which the Yankees sent infielder Joe Gordon to Cleveland for pitcher Allie Reynolds. That set the pace for the trades which followed.

But the David Harums of baseball won't be able to swap enough of the veterans to upset the balance of power. They expect the same leaders again in 1947—but watch out for the upheaval when the youngsters stack the deck of the future.

THE ARCHITECT

THE veteran—a mental case—fumbled nervously with his hat. His eyes, staring from a pale, tense face, roved about the room as the doctor talked, pausing at intervals briefly to scan the doctor's face and answer his questions, and continue their roving over the room.

"What do you do?" the doctor asked gently.

"Sir?" The patient's eyes hesitated on the doctor's face and a startled look shot into them.

"What is your profession?" the doctor tried again.

"Why—er—I—I'm an architect," the patient replied falteringly. "I—I design buildings."

"Do you?" The doctor smiled affably.

"Oh, yes!" the patient assured him resolutely, his eyes and face now glowing proudly.

"That's very nice," said the doctor, pretending belief. "Now tell me some of the buildings you have designed. Have you designed any in this city?"

"Oh, yes!" The veteran was still firm and smiling.

"Name one," the doctor encouraged gently. "I'd like to look at it."

"Well—ah—er—" His face clouded and his voice trembled. For a moment, panic seized him. Then his face brightened again and he exclaimed, "Why, I designed this building here!"

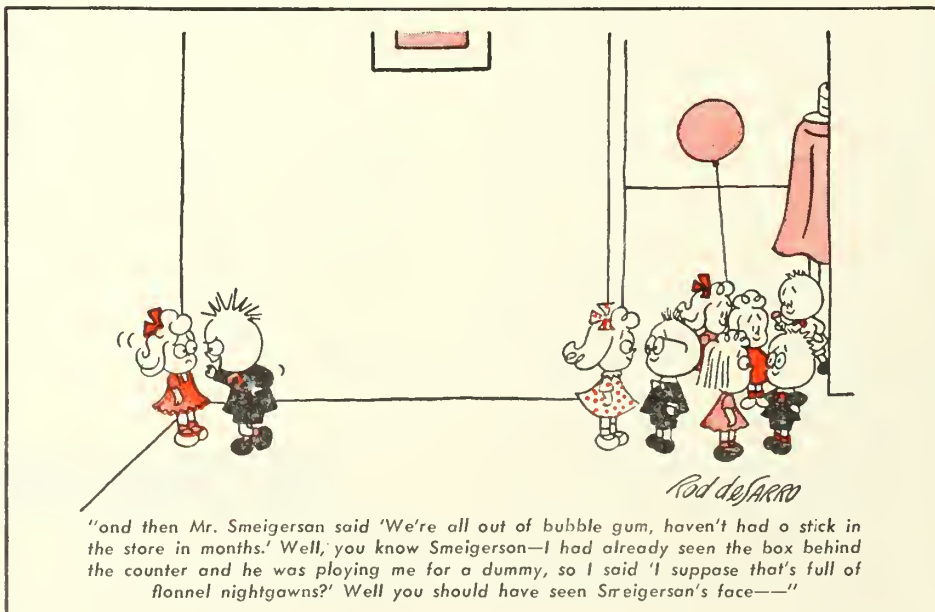
"You did?" Caught unaware, the doctor could not conceal the surprise in his voice.

"Why—yes." The veteran was taken aback a little by the tone of the doctor's words, but he insisted doggedly. "My name should be on the cornerstone!" Hesitating, he asked, "Isn't it still there?"

"I don't know," the doctor declared. "Let's go see." And to humor his patient, he added: "If it's not, we'll do something about it!"

Together, they took the elevator down to the ground floor and walked around the building to the cornerstone.

Inscribed in the stone was the name of the patient!—By E. LeRoy Baker.



"and then Mr. Smeigerson said 'We're all out of bubble gum, haven't had a stick in the store in months.' Well, you know Smeigerson—I had already seen the box behind the counter and he was playing me for a dummy, so I said 'I suppose that's full of flannel nightgowns?' Well you should have seen Smeigerson's face—"



BICYCLE—the Cardplayer's Card

● Most of the cards you used in the Service were famous Bicycle quality. Before the war . . . during the war . . . and now again first choice is Bicycle, *the long-life cards that are life-long favorites.*

THE UNITED STATES PLAYING CARD COMPANY • MAKERS OF BICYCLE AND CONGRESS CARDS • CINCINNATI 12, OHIO

JAKE LANDS THE BIG ONE

(Continued from page 15)

ahead all the money you'n Fred have put into it."

The girl's outthrust chin trembled a little.

"I'll bet as a boy he stuck pins in flies."

"As a boy, Genny, Droopy Pants Hooper was just as ornery as he is now, 'cept age has added some refinements. Dang bust it all." Jake ground the cigarette under his heel. "if Fred wanted to buy a tractor and get into the pole logging business, why'd he have to get mixed up with that thieving pack-rat?"

"We'd have gotten along all right, if Fred hadn't been hurt. Now—" the hands in her lap made a gesture of despair. She was silent for a moment. "Sorry, Jake, didn't mean to unload it on you."

"Reckon you know how much I wish you could do just that, honey. Unload that debt onto me. Nothing I'd like better than to cram that two hundred down Droopy's neck until his Adam's apple popped like a cork coming out of a jug. But a sizable sum like that, well—"

"It isn't your worry." When she stood up she was smiling again. "And it isn't your worry to poach bass out of Rush Creek Pond so Fred can have something 'special-ly nice for supper. We don't want Rance-

Hooper getting the best of all of us."

Jake didn't start fishing the minute he got to the Pond. He sat with his back against a tree, staring across the water trying to think of some way to save the tractor for the kids and get the better of Droopy at the same time. He sat there gnawing at the idea like a beaver at a tree trunk. Two hundred wasn't such a terrific sum. But for a man whose jeans' pockets never had held more than a couple of dollars in small change it was like a million. But he could think of no solution and at the end of a half hour he gave up.

He fitted the rod together, threaded the line through the guides, attached a plug. Wasn't much of an outfit. Kind of a spare parts affair, like himself. Always wanted to own a fine rod and reel, some day. But



shucks, prob'ly wouldn't catch any more fish with one.

Across the pond, just under the right side of that lily pad there ought to be a bass waiting for him. Hundred feet by his eye. Could walk around the head of the pond and get closer but that would put him out in the open and if Genny was right about Droopy nosing around this morning just as well not to be in too plain sight. Besides, a cast that distance was nothing. He could hit a dime at half again as far.

He sighted along the rod like a rifle barrel, swung it upward, brought it down with a quick, sure wrist motion, watching the plug as it shuttled over the water, drawing the line in a thin spider web strand across the sunshine—thumbing the reel to keep the line from paying out too fast—waiting for the split-second decision that would tell him when to apply the pressure to the reel and stop the plug in its flight at the right instant. He felt a tingling delight, as he always did, when it hit the water at the exact spot he had figured to hit. He shifted the rod to his left hand, giving the bait time to run deep.

Maybe he wasn't much good for anything else—like figuring a way to help Genny and Fred—but by jing, when it came to putting a plug exactly where he wanted it—

"Nice cast, Jake!"

NEW MIDGET ELECTRIC
ARC WELDER FULLY GUARANTEED
 RETAILS ONLY **\$3.95**



PLUGS into LIGHT SOCKET AC or DC
 It's new! It's handy! It's efficient! Use the Midget Electric Arc Welder for hundreds of light-metal jobs. Does comparable welding work with a 1/16 inch welding rod on thin metal as that of larger and higher priced welders. Operates on 15 ampere fuse, 110 volt 60 cycle A.C. or D.C. current by use of our special standard-coated 1/16 inch welding rods. Generous supply of rods supplied with machine. Recommended for all light welding like automobile fenders, etc. Take the Midget Arc anywhere to the job. Sturdily built and fully guaranteed. Comes complete—ready to use. Nothing else to buy. No previous welding experience needed to strike an arc. In a short time, anyone mechanically inclined can learn to weld with this machine. You'll find hundreds of money-saving, time-saving uses for the Midget Arc around your home, garage, or workshop. Also in garages, factories, repair shops, tin shops, mechanics, farmers, inventors, etc. Order a Midget Electric Arc Welder NOW!

SEND NO MONEY! We'll rush one to you, complete with approved welding glass. Pay postman only \$3.95 plus postage. If not satisfied return Midget Arc in 5 days from receipt and we'll refund your money immediately. Order now! Midget Arc Welder Co., Strader Ave., Dept. T-231, Cincinnati 20, Ohio

"For the SPARK that NEVER Fails"
 INSIST ON



RUMIN FLINTS
 Gold Coated FLINTS and LIGHTER FLUID

At drug and cigar stores, PX and Ship's Service.

ROCK FLINT CO., 123 Doughty Blvd., Far Rockaway, N.Y.



**Appear SLIMMER
 Look YOUNGER
 Feel BETTER
 Instantly!**

Now you get sensational results—at once—with the new **COMMANDER SUPPORTER**. Don't let them talk about your "Pay Window"—stay slenderized with this amazing free-action, ever comfortable, supporter belt! Once you try it, you'll never be without the Commander.

"The Interlocking Hands"
 The Sensational **NEW PRINCIPLE** Of Abdominal Support

Class your hands over the abdomen, as in the picture—then raise and press gently against it—and notice how much better you feel! Sturdy porous fabric is **BUILT IN** with the special stretch weave of the Commander for **EXTRA DOUBLE SUPPORT** across the abdomen. Instantly the Commander flattens your "corporation"—**FLATTENS YOUR BACK**—Improves your posture—Your clothes fit smartly—You look better, too. No binding, no riding, no sagging! Send for this famous all-purpose supporter belt today! No buckles, laces or straps.

TRY IT 10 DAYS
 At Our Expense

Do this today! Send the coupon—wear A Commander for TEN DAYS AT OUR EXPENSE—and if you do not get all the results you expect, return it and **YOUR MONEY REFUNDED** promptly.

10 DAY FREE TRIAL COUPON

MAIL COUPON NOW

Ward Green Company, Dept. T-942
 113 West 57th St., New York 19, N. Y.

Send The Commander Supporter for Free Trial. I will pay postman \$2.98 plus postage. (Sizes 28 to 47). If not satisfied after 10 days I may return it (Sizes 48 to 60, \$3.98.)

My Waist Measures..... My Height is.....

NAME

ADDRESS

If \$2.98 is enclosed with order, we pay postage charges.

© 1941 W. G. Co.

The voice behind him was an icicle run through the warmth of the summer morning. He jerked his head toward the sound.

A pudgy figure stepped out from behind a tree and waddled toward him, the seat of the baggy tweed pants bobbing along behind him like a duck's tail. And the smile that lighted the face was one of cold, calculated joy.

"Hope you don't mind if I join you in this little fishing expedition."

"Where'n thunder did you come from, Droopy Pants? I didn't hear you."

"You aren't the only one who knows how to get around through the woods without making any noise, Jacob," he cackled.

Jake held the rod loosely in his left hand, hot resentment boiling through him. With his mind on other things, Droopy finally had outsmarted him, caught him poaching. His eyes darted along the line. His hand tugged the rod lightly.

"Well, what c'n I do for you, Droopy?"

"You can reel in that line and come with me, Mr. Poacher!"

"What for, Droopy?"

"You know right well what for. And stop calling me Droopy. I don't like it."

"Far's I'm concerned, it's your name and a proper one."

The putty face reddened. "Calling names won't help you. Reel in and come along. Haven't time to waste arguing with a law breaker."

"If you're speaking of me," Jake said evenly, "what law am I breaking?"

"Hah! As if you didn't know. Fishing in Rush Creek Pond in violation of Township Ordinance No. 281! For which Justice of the Peace Carey will see you get the limit of the law. I've been promising him a chance to sentence you for a long time. I think he'll enjoy it as much as I will."

"Who says I'm fishing?" Jake inquired innocently. "No law against a man coming out here to practice bait casting, is there?"

"Ho ho—that's a good one. Judge Carey will laugh himself sick over that. And to

CASUALTY

Lieutenant Brown was lucky. In 1943 his plane had been crippled on a run over Bremen. He bailed out and landed on English soil, walking through a mine field without mishap. Following this he brought a shot-up bomber back from Norway after his first pilot had been severely injured. Two crash landings next failed to damage him, and he came through a third early in January, 1944, when his Liberator limped in long overdue. The plane was wrecked but Brown came through unscratched.

That night, to celebrate his impending return to the States, Brown visited the club bar. After awhile he did a stately about face and followed a great circle route to the men's room, sliding through the door in a perfect bank.

A few moments later we heard a loud crash and a groan. We rushed into the lavatory. There was our hero on the floor, unconscious and in a small pool of blood. An instrument of our Ally had caused him to receive his only wound in action. The overhead tank of the ancient English toilet had fallen on his head when he pulled the chain.

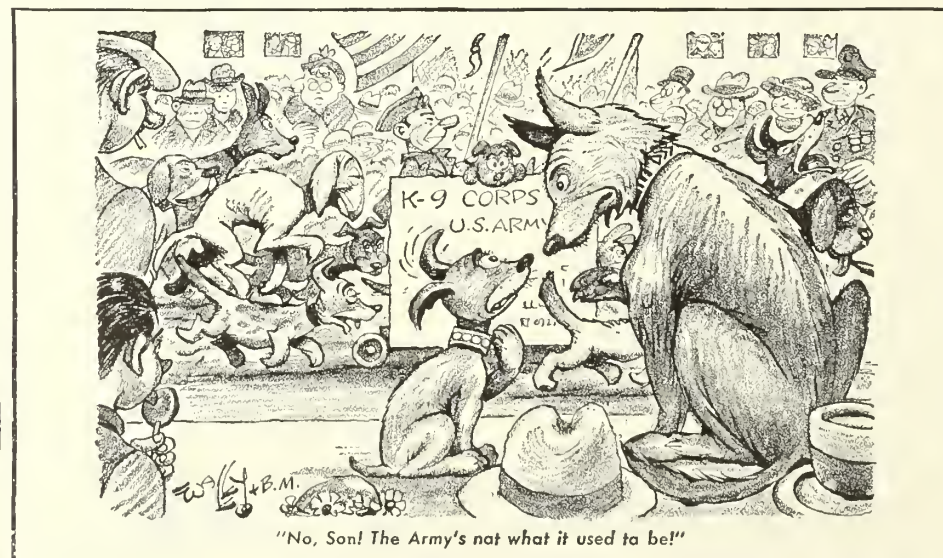
—By Leonard C. Morris

make your story better, you might tell him you were practicing for the bait casting tournament at the State Fair next week. Going after the two hundred fifty dollar prize."

It took a second or more for the idea to soak in. When it did, the words came out of Jake's rounded mouth like a powder blast.

"Did you say—two hundred and fifty dollars?"

"I did. And while you're about it, you can tell Judge Carey where you expect to get the ten-dollar entry fee and the decent clothes to wear and the expenses there and back. Oh, you'll have a great story to tell the judge!"



"No, Son! The Army's not what it used to be!"

Droopy's words were sputtering like firecrackers through Jake's bewilderment. Two hundred and fifty dollars for beating other fellows at bait casting! And Gen and Fred with a two hundred dollar debt to be paid!

SOMEWHERE in all this confusion was the answer he was looking for. He shook his head to clear it. He had to know more about this and from reliable sources.

"Look Droopy, I'm goin' to reel in, like you say. If there's a bass on the plug, I'm guilty. If the hooks are clean, I ain't goin' to court 'til you get a warrant, which Judge Carey will never give you on the evidence, bein' a bait castin' man himself."

The constable's triumph twisted into a scowl of disappointment. There was truth in what old Jake said. Still, the odds were with him. The pond was known to be so full of bass they practically jumped out of the water at a passing fisherman.

His squinty eyes watched the dripping line wind evenly on the reel. Foot after foot, until at last the plug popped out of the water and swung free, only a strand or two of weed dangling from the hooks.

"There y'are, Droopy. No fish!"

"I'm still not rightly sure about this," the constable said stubbornly. "Not until I've talked to the judge, which I aim to do as soon as I can get to his office."

Jake hid his rod in the brush and took a short cut through the woods to the village. If Droopy had told the truth, which could or couldn't be, Jake Miller was beginning to see the answer to that two hundred dollar question, Curt Humber, owner of the grain and feed store, was his man. Curt was what they called a sportsman. Curt could tell him what he wanted to know.

There was no one in the front of Curt's place. Jake headed for the back store-room. In the doorway he pulled up short. Curt was standing in the center of the room, in his hands—

"Great Glory Susannah!" Jake breathed the words prayerfully.



"Hi there, Jake. What do you think of that for a bait casting outfit?"

Jake moved toward him, slowly. "It's beautiful, Curt. Plumb beautiful."

"Ought to be. Set me back better'n forty dollars. Split bamboo rod. Best reel to be had. Just got here from the city this morning. I couldn't wait to get it rigged and in my hands."

"Could I touch it, Curt?"

"Sure. Heft it once."

Jake ran his fingers along the varnished surface as a lover of horseflesh might stroke the satiny neck of a thoroughbred. He touched the reel lightly as a connoisseur would a rare vase.

"Yes sir," Curt beamed, "that's a real fishing outfit, old timer."

Jake placed the rod in its owner's hands, tenderly. He had more important business on his mind, right now.

"What's this I hear about a bait castin' contest at the State Fair, Curt?"

Crown Without a Kingdom

FOR the second time in less than a hundred years, a jewelled crown, symbolic of an historic kingdom was missing. Recently it was found and taken to American headquarters at Frankfurt-am-Main to await final disposition. The fate of Hungary may well lie in the balance because of it.

Like the British Mace, the Crown of St. Stephen has unusual legal aspects. Just as in British Parliamentary Law the mace must be present at all meetings of Parliament otherwise the meeting is illegal, so, too, under Hungarian law, the crown is the physical symbol representing the constitutional power exercised in the union of king and nation. Therefore Hungarians declare that their country cannot be ruled legally unless the crown is in the country.

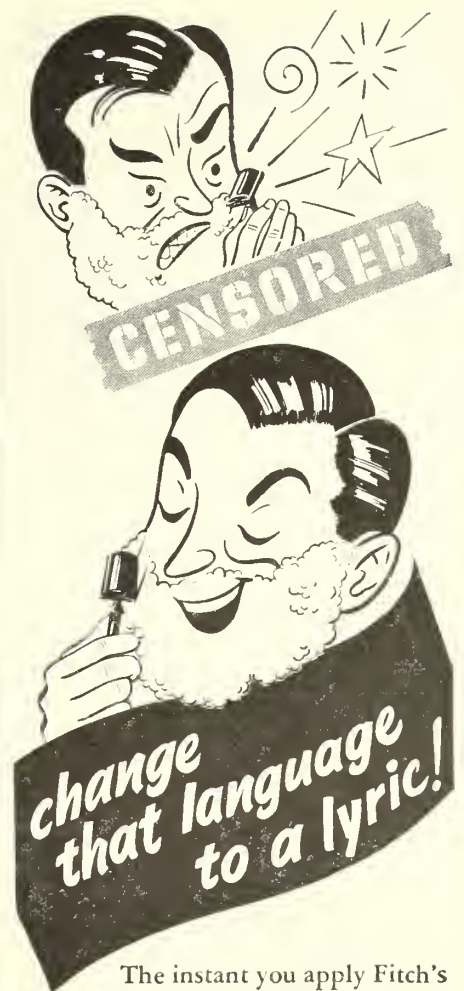
It was on a cold blustery March night in 1944 when at Hitler's orders the crown of St. Stephen was removed from its niche in

the royal vault of the castle in Budapest and taken to Vienna for "safekeeping."

Until its removal by force, two palace guards stood watch over it day and night. The guards were relieved every two hours. One had to keep his gaze fixed constantly on it during his entire vigil and, according to legend, no guard could stand the arduous strain for more than five years after which he was retired and pensioned.

When the crown was removed by the Nazis, Hungary was plunged into the depths of despair. Magyars believed that they would never see it again and therefore, they declared, there never would be a king again in Hungary.

But now the Crown of St. Stephen has been found, thanks to the Americans. And the Magyars wait—and hope.—By Emile C. Schurmacher



The instant you apply Fitch's No Brush, the special "skin conditioner" ingredient goes to work. This prepares even the most sensitive face for a close, easy shave even in cold or hard water. Fitch's No Brush gets *right next* to your skin . . . holds whiskers UP until the razor mows 'em down! Leaves your face feeling soft, frosty-cool for hours. Whether your beard is TOUGH, WIRY or LIGHT, you'll enjoy solid comfort shaving once you have SWITCHED TO FITCH.

FREE SAMPLE! For a free sample of Fitch's No Brush Shaving Cream, write to Dept. A-2, The F. W. Fitch Company, Des Moines 6, Iowa.



Get the Genuine
@Hickok
 OF SAN FRANCISCO

WATCH BAND



NEVER TURNS OR BINDS

Beautiful on the Wrist

\$4.50
 EVERYWHERE

LASTS a LIFETIME

On and off in an instant!



Ask any G.I.

Any man from the South Pacific will tell you, "It's the only Band that would stand up."

C. W. HICKOK of SAN FRANCISCO
 915 Shreve Bldg. San Francisco, Cal.



HANDSOME INSIGNIA RINGS
 Exact copies of Shoulder-Patches in Colors!

Your outfit's Insignia shown in official COLORS! Thousands of Overseas Veterans wear these "Buddy" Insignia Rings and prefer them to discharge buttons. Every ring hand-crafted of finest quality. Rings now available for Army, A.A.F., Navy and Marine Units. Over 1000 different designs available. Money back at once if ring does not satisfy you.

SOLID STERLING \$6 • 10K NATURAL \$30
 SILVER RING GOLD RING

Price includes ALL taxes and delivery. No C.O.D.
 For ring size send string loop that fits finger.

LANDSEAIRE SERVICE Dept. A, 10 Murray St.
 Representatives Wanted New York 7, N. Y.

SIMPLE EASY INVENTION
TRIMS HAIR AT HOME!

SAVES BARBER BILLS




Trims hair as it combs! Easy! Quick! Keeps men's, women's children's hair trim, neat, freshly-cut looking all the time! Trims, tapers, thins out uneven hair. Use like ordinary comb. Safe. Simple.

No experience required. Fine for legs, underarms! Sells like wild! **SAMPLES FOR AGENTS** Sample order sent immediately to all who send name at once. A penny postal will do. **SEND NO MONEY.** Just your name.

KRISTEE CO., 1457 Bar St., AKRON, OHIO

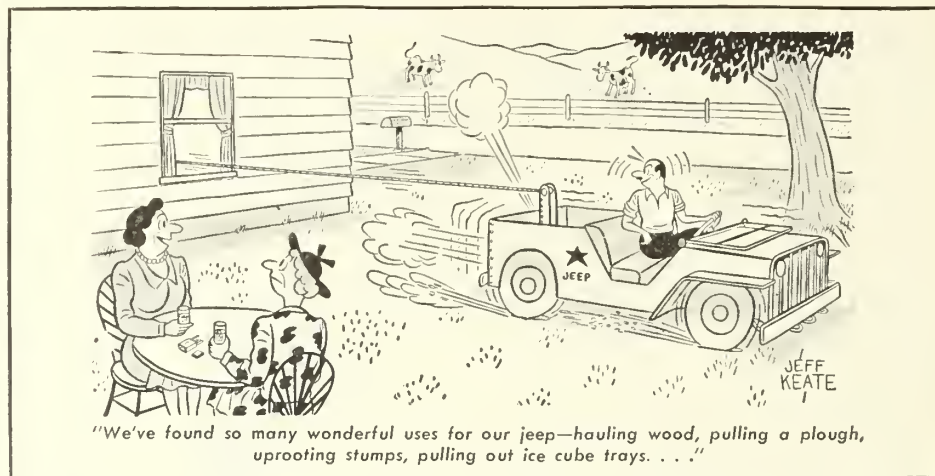
BAR-BELLS
DUMB-BELLS
 PARAMOUNT ADJUSTABLE

Factory \$9.95
Prices **9** AND UP



WRITE FOR FREE ILLUSTRATED CATALOG AND PRICE LIST

Independent Iron Works
 2416-40 E 23rd STREET DEPT. 20
 LOS ANGELES 11, CALIFORNIA



"Well, there's going to be one, if that's what you mean."

"Is it true you gotta pay ten dollars to get into it?"

"Yep. Ten for the accuracy event—ten for the distance event. Two hundred and fifty dollar first prize in each."

"And there's rules about the kind of an outfit you have to use?"

"Well—yes," Curt nodded. "There's certain requirements. Thinking of entering, Jake?"

Jake pulled at one ear lobe. "I dunno. Like to. Aint too flush. Seems like there's a sight of expenses connected with it. Still—I got good use for a couple of hundred. Mebbe—"

The door to the storeroom opened again and Harry Shepherd, who ran the garage in the building next to the feed store, came in. Jake answered his greeting with a nod, his eyes straying back to the thing of beauty Curt had placed on the counter, as Harry said quietly: "If you can get away for a minute, Curt, I got something over in the basement of my place I'd like to show you."

"Y'mean—Martinek?"

"Um hum. Jake'll watch the store for you 'til you get back."

"How about it, Jake? Only be gone a few minutes. Anybody comes in you can tell 'em to wait. Give you two bits."

"Go ahead," Jake agreed. "All the pay I need is a chance to stand here and feast my eyes on that new rod."

Shepherd moved closer, nudged Jake with his elbow.

"While you're about it, kinda keep an eye peeled for Rance Hooper. If you see him around, come over to the basement window in the alley and call to us. This is mighty private business I got with Curt. Wouldn't want Rance snooping on us."

The two men exchanged winks. Jake knew what they were talking about. Joe Martinek had been by the garage with a jug of his plum brandy. Premium goods in a local option town. Also grist for the constable's mill, if he caught the boys with it.

"Don't worry 'bout Droopy Pants both-

ering you," Jake snorted. "He's over in Judge Carey's office, trying to get a warrant to put me in jail for fishing in the pond."

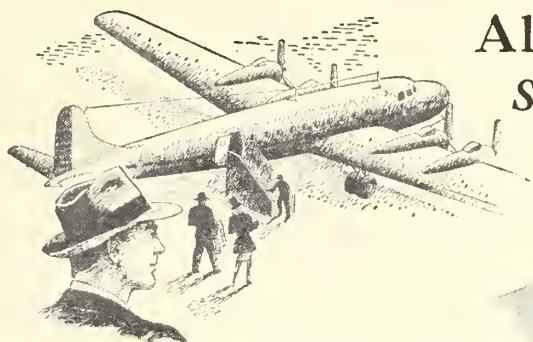
The two men went out the front of the store, talking and laughing. Jake stood there looking down at Curt's new rod. His bright hope was fading, fast. Even if he had the ten dollars, they'd never let him into the tournament with his ram-shackle outfit. And if they did, he'd be so ashamed of his old clothes among all those city sportsmen he wouldn't be able to hit the side of a barn. Add to all that the bus fare and a hotel room for a night or two and the answer was no. Anyway he looked at it, the prize money that could do so much for Genny and Fred and give him the everlasting satisfaction of turning a smart trick on Droopy Hooper was a fruit that hung too high for his reach.

He picked up the rod, reverently. He always had dreamed of owning one like that. Like to take it out in the alley where he could get a better look at it. Curt wouldn't mind. Anyway, by now he and Harry were over in the garage basement, busy with the jug.

He carried it lovingly out the back door—out where he could see it in the full light of day, and caress it, and feel the life in the spring of its perfectly tapered length.

He swished the tip through the air once or twice. He examined the reel and tried the wind of it. Of course, he shouldn't do it, but Curt had rigged a plug on the line and it would be fun to try just one cast. That little mound of dust, just this side of the light well around the basement window in the garage building. Fifty feet? Nearer sixty. Be funny if he missed and sent the lure down the light well and through the window, into the room where the two men by now would be toasting one another in Joe Martinek's plum brandy. Scare 'em half to death. Jake grinned at the idea. 'Course he wouldn't miss. Not him. And just for once to make a cast with a rod that was a living thing in his hands.

He sighted along the slender bamboo surface, his hand tightening on the grip,



Aloft or Afoot

*Smooth going
really counts*

That's why men who get around want British Walkers for walking. For only British Walkers—styled to the minute—have patented, Synchro-Flex construction that gives you action-synchronized flexibility and its bouyant lift. Enjoy luxury transportation afoot with shoes designed and built for smooth going.

**SMITH
SYNCHRO-FLEX**

BRITISH WALKERS

For Men and Women

MADE IN THE U. S. A. BY J. P. SMITH SHOE CO., CHICAGO



*The famous
FAIRWAY—an
all-time favorite—in
Yankee Brown
or Black Calf.*

wrist flexible as a steel spring. The rod raised a little, stopped there. Jake's eyes shifted from the dust mound to the wall of the garage building. A bulky shadow was creeping along it. Now, it fell out into the opening between the two buildings, pushed forward along the ground by the crouching figure that followed it.

Jake felt his toes curl up inside his shoes. Droopy! He'd gotten wind of Martinek's visit to town and acting on suspicion was sneaking down between the two buildings to the light well from which he'd be able to see and hear what was going on in the basement. If he caught the boys with that jug of plum brandy—!

Droopy's back was to him. Jake considered running through the store, out the front way and around to Harry's garage, but knew he'd never make it in time. Or he could call to the boys and warn them, but Droopy would be at the window before he could make them hear. Then, two things swam into his vision: The billowy sag of the constable's pants and the reflection of sunlight on the varnished length of the new rod, with the minnow-shaped plug and its stout hooks dangling from the end of it.

He didn't even stop to sight this time. The rod whipped back, then forward. The plug darted through the sunshine. Droopy was bending over the light well to look through the window when Jake's thumb

bore down on the spool. The line snubbed taut, the plug started to fall away. Jake waited, not breathing. The wrist flicked back, the motion sped along the line to the plug. It flipped upward with a quick, impertinent jerk and Jake's delight gurgled in his throat as he saw the hooks reach out for folds of Droopy's pants.

A little tearing sound came to him as he pulled back on the rod. Droopy heard it, too, and felt the pull of the line. He straightened, whirling toward Jake. The motion tightened the line around his leg

and the hooks sank into something more solid than the abundance of pants' seat. Droopy was caught, sure as a bass.

"You, Jake Miller. You!"

"Well Droopy, imagine meeting you here in the alley."

Droopy's anguish rose in a cross between the scream of a cougar and the bellow of a wounded elephant.

"Get those hooks out of my leg. They're diggin' in to the bone. Get 'em out, I say."

"Stand still while I reel in and come up to you."

"Criminal assault," the constable howled. "Assault with a deadly weapon. You just wait, Jake Miller. You'll pay for this!"

"How was I to see you sneaking down between those buildin's? Hold steady, you chump."

DROOPY'S answer was a louder wail as Jake worked his way toward him, twitching the line now and then to keep the hooks set, calling a greeting to Curt and Harry as they came bounding up the outside basement stairway, blinking in amazement at the strange sight that greeted them.

Now Curt's voice rose above the confusion. "Hey, that's my new rod! Look out, Rance, take it easy. Don't yank on that line. The tip! You'll break it. Look out, man!"

The warning came too late. There was



"The coffee cold, dear?"

plintering of thin bamboo and the tip hung limply at the end of the rod.

"Oh, you blitherin' idiot!" Jake's voice rose in a mournful cry. "Look what you did."

"What I did! What I did!" With the line slackened Droopy was squirming and twisting to remove the hooks from his person and pants. "What you did, you criminal. Ripping my clothes, tearing my flesh. Interfering with an officer of the law in the performance of his duty! Wait'll Judge Carey hears of this. You'll go to prison, if I have anything to say about it."

His voice skyrocketed to a burst of apoplectic sputtering as he headed for the street at a shuffling trot, the seat of his pants fanning him to greater speed.

Jake raised his eyes from the broken rod to the sorrowful face of Curt Humber.

"Doggone it, Curt! I'm sorry's I can be. Hadn't no business touching it. Just brought it outside to get a better look at it. Then, Droopy came along and—well 'fore I realized what I was doing—"

"Sure, Jake," Curt mourned. "I know. Only, well I was mighty proud of that outfit. First fine rod I ever owned."

"Let's all go into Curt's storeroom where we can talk this over," Harry Shepherd said quietly. "I got some ideas about this, too."

Jake leaned against the counter, head down, ashamed to face Curt.

"**N**OW then," Harry's voice had the conviction of authority, "let's look at the facts. No need to beat about the bush with Jake. He knew what we were doing down in my basement. He saw Rance sneaking up where he could hear and see us. He knew that could be mighty bad for us. So, he acted according to his own best judgment."

"That's true enough, Harry," Curt agreed solemnly. "No denying that if Rance had caught us we'd be facing Judge Carey right now to the tune of a hundred dollar fine, a piece, and like as not, thirty days

in jail to boot. On the other hand . . ."

"I know, Curt. A man's first fine fishing rod is like his first wife. Seems at the time neither can be replaced. But, by and large, I've observed they can be, with satisfaction. Jake saved our necks for us and to show our appreciation, I'm proposing you make him a present of that rod, for which he can get a new tip, and I'll stand the cost of buying you a new one. Yes sir, and consider my half of the deal mighty cheap."

Curt's face brightened a little. "Maybe you got something there, Harry. It's a darn sight better bargain than we'd have gotten from Rance and Judge Carey." He laid the rod in Jake's hands. "There y'are, Jake. She's yours. Rod, reel, line and carrying case."

JAKE looked at him goggle-eyed. Strange sounds boiled out of his throat.

"What's more," Curt went on, "after the way you flipped that plug into Rance Hooper's backsides, I'm willing to go a step farther. I'll back you for all expenses, including some new togs, to enter the casting tournament at the State Fair, on a fifty-fifty basis."

"Curt!" The name jumped from Jake's mouth like a trout hitting a May fly. "Y—y'mean it? Both events? Accuracy and distance?"

"Right. And consider it a darn good bet."

"Hippty-zing! Why that's a cinch two hundred and fifty for each of us. Harry, y'hear? I'm going to the tournament!"

Old Jake didn't try to finish the sentence. He knew it wouldn't be any use. The boys wouldn't understand. It would be all mixed up with Fred McGreal's broken hip and a tractor and the good news he had to tell Genny as fast as he could get out there. News that would make her eyes pop out of her head like Droopy's Adam's apple would pop when they crammed that two hundred down his throat!

LABOR PROBLEMS

(Continued from page 11)

to anyone, and frequently the very power of government itself is threatened.

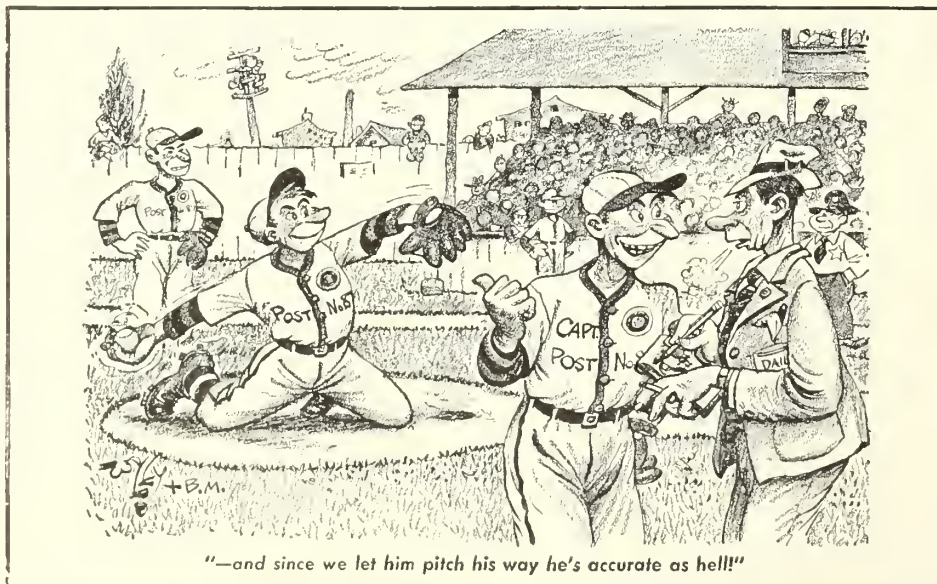
There is, strangely enough, an unreasonable idea in the minds of many folk that the squabbles of labor and management are theirs alone, and that no other portion of the nation is involved. In certain instances that may be true. But when, as has happened far too often of late, trifling handfuls of employees take it upon themselves to paralyze the activities of huge communities, or threaten to interfere with vital activities of the nation as a whole, it becomes necessary to point out that the welfare of the public, when that is involved, should invariably take precedence over the desires of any other group whatever.

A year or so ago some 3,500 tugboatmen of New York City called a strike and interfered most inexcusably with the welfare of the city, even threatening it with a shortage of fuel in mid-winter. Furthermore, after creating much havoc, the strike was called off and the differences between the union and the employers were settled in conference. More recently a strike of the city's truckmen—a larger group, of course, but still a trifling number compared with the city's millions—similarly interfered with the city's welfare, even sharply limiting the amount of food that could be brought to the markets.

In Pittsburgh, too, a strike of 3,200 employees of the city's power plants crippled that community and interfered with the activities of 1,500,000 people for twenty-seven days. The mayor tried to end the walkout, but was helpless. A local court issued an injunction, and when the union's president snapped his fingers at it, sentenced him to a year in prison for contempt. But within twenty-four hours, and in an astonishing display of weakness forced upon the court by the inadequacy of our present laws, the injunction was withdrawn and the union president was released. For the better part of a month homes, hospitals, and business establishments were lit by candles and lanterns. Transportation was cut to a minimum. Eighty thousand people were thrown out of work. The cost to the community can never be determined, and the union, which was itself internally divided, ultimately accepted arbitration which the power company had offered before the strike was called.

Any search of the records will show the frequency of such occurrences, and it is time, as many folk now realize, for us to adopt whatever legislation is required in order that the paramount interests of the public may be protected. It is time, too, to protect both labor and management against their own extremists.

My own belief is that the most certain way of assuring justice to labor, manage-



"—and since we let him pitch his way he's accurate as hell!"

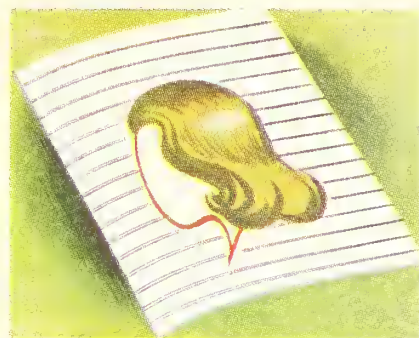
Man's-eye view of hairdo's



1900 To bob or not to bob—that is the question. Women's hairdo's (ways of doing up hair, to mere males) have set a dizzy pace since the piled-up style of 1900, when Corby's had been a famous Canadian name for 42 years.



1925 The "flapper" days brought in the short mannish bob—a complete reversal of previous styles. Blonde, brunette and red tresses disappeared like magic, as the streamlined hairdo matched straight-up-and-down dress lines in Corby's 67th year of Canadian renown.



1937 And now more feminine again, the style of the moment was a "dipsy-do" version of the middle-length hair cut 79 years after the name Corby's came to Canada. This looked like a happy medium, but a hairdo is seldom either happy or medium.



1947 Pile it up, roll it under, cut it short. It looks like any new hair idea that comes along will have its fling this year. But if you're weary of trying any new *whiskey* name that comes along, ask for Corby's next time. Here's an 89 year-old Canadian name for a light, sociable whiskey—a whiskey you'll likely want to make your "regular."

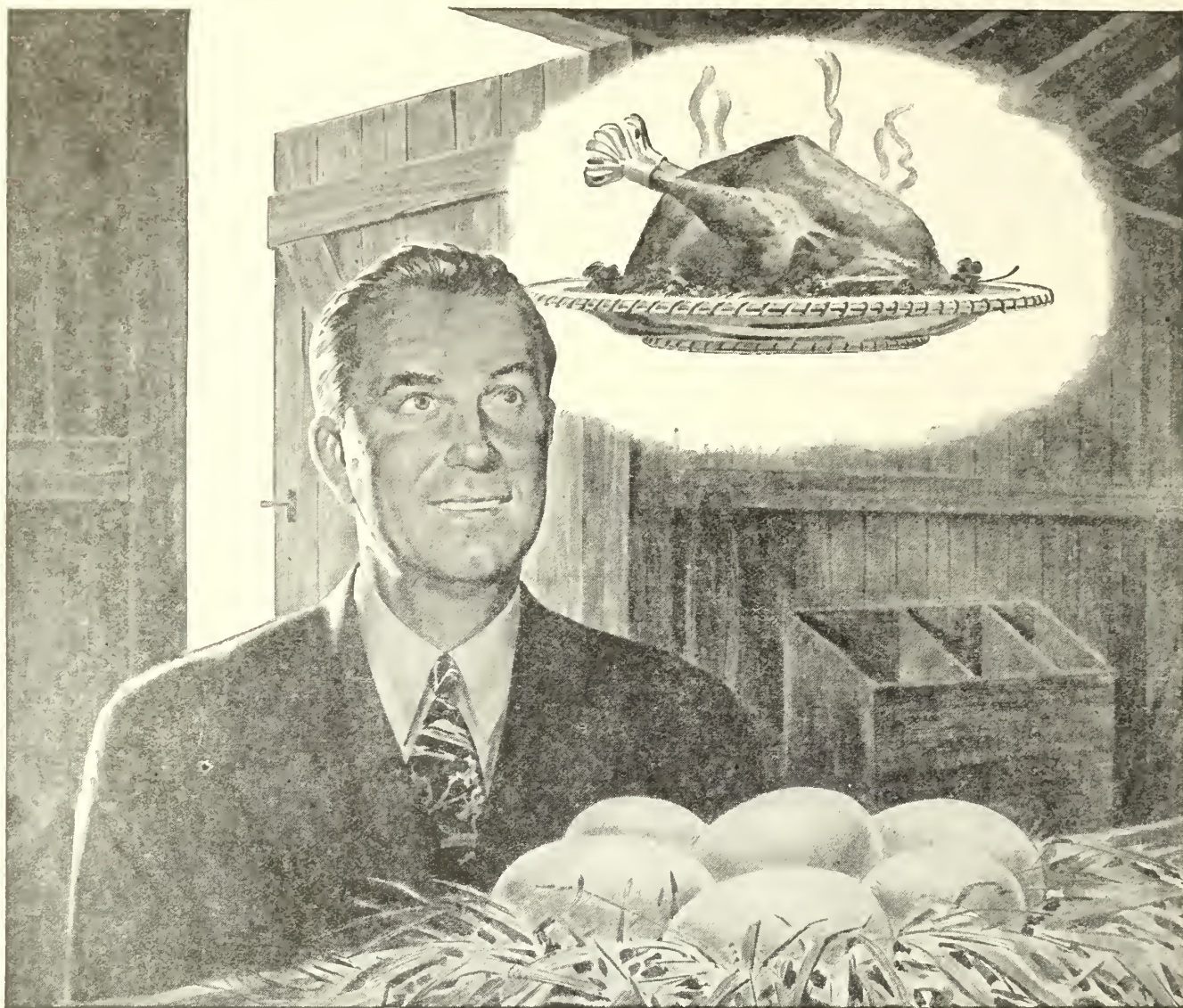


CORBY'S

A Grand Old Canadian Name

PRODUCED IN U.S.A. under the direct supervision of our expert Canadian blender

86 Proof—68.4% Grain Neutral Spirits—Jas. Barclay & Co., Limited, Peoria, Ill.



Sometimes you can break a good rule!

It's usually a wise rule not to plan a chicken dinner before the eggs are hatched.

But not always!

If the "chicken dinner" represents your future, and the "eggs" are financial nest eggs—go ahead and plan!

Especially if your *nest eggs* are U. S. Bonds—all the War Bonds you have bought—all the Savings Bonds you are *buying*. For your government *guarantees* that these will hatch out in just 10 years.

Millions of Americans have found them the safest,

surest way to save money . . . and they've proved that buying Bonds on the Payroll Savings Plan is the easiest way to pile up dollars that anyone ever thought of.

So keep on buying Savings Bonds. Buy them at banks, post offices, or on the Payroll Plan. You'll be building real financial security for yourself, your family, and your business.

Best of all, you *can* count your chickens before they're hatched . . . plan exactly the kind of future you want, and get it!

SAVE THE EASY WAY...BUY YOUR BONDS THROUGH PAYROLL SAVINGS

*Contributed by this magazine in co-operation
with the Magazine Publishers of America as a public service.*



ment, and the public—and the rights of no one of these should be overlooked—is to make certain that such disputes as arise be settled peaceably in courts of law rather than by recourse to strikes or lockouts.

It was originally my belief that the Federal Courts that are already in existence were adequate to the task, and I still believe in their ability to dispense even-handed justice were such cases to be brought before them. The pressure under which these courts operate, however, and the number of cases that they must hear, not infrequently result in delays, thereby sometimes interfering with justice itself. On this account I am inclined to think that Congress would be wiser were it to authorize an entirely distinct Federal Labor Court with power to evoke, hear, and determine all labor disputes having to do with interstate commerce.

THERE are some, I realize, who object to any such idea because they say it would interfere with labor's right to strike. But there is much shallow thinking about this matter. No one can contend that a strike, in itself, is a desirable thing. It may be *justifiable*, just as war may be, but even that is true only when the proper ends it hopes to attain cannot be reached by less objectionable means. Furthermore, labor, at present, is itself the sole judge as to whether it has sufficient cause to call a strike. But it must be obvious that no one should have the sole right to judge his actions if they may result in injury to others.

Thus there is far more to this so-called "right" to strike than appears on the surface. And it should be made clear that the proposal I make would not eliminate the *right*. There would simply be no reason to *call* a strike, for the Labor Court would ever be ready to hear and impartially to decide any reasonable complaint. And because such complaints as were decided would be decided purely on their merits, and not because one side or the other was economically the more powerful, justice—to everyone involved—would be much more likely to prevail. And these decisions would not be mere invitations to further struggle, for they would have all the force of law, and would be enforceable as such.

HERE and there, so extreme has prejudice become, one sees clear signs that officers and members of certain unions actually distrust the judges and the courts of our land. Recently a letter to the *New York Times* from an attorney representing a number of unions made the statement that "judges have lost caste with labor." And, citing the Pittsburgh strike as "a classic recent example," he went on to say that "the use of the injunction and contempt proceedings to break strikes has hardly endeared judges to labor."

This person, of course, and those few

CHECKING GI HONESTY

HONESTY is a GI policy. At least that's the way it shapes up according to the books of the Kiwanis Club and the Y.M.C.A. of St. Louis.

The two organizations quietly conducted a check-cashing service for GI's during the war. A final reckoning shows that of a total of \$136,648 passed out for personal checks, there was a loss of only \$711—.005 percent. The "Y" cashed 5971 checks totaling \$83,156, with a loss of \$466, while the Kiwanis Club cashed 2905 totaling \$55,942, with a loss of \$245.

Not even the membership of the two groups were aware of the service. Only a few directors knew of it, "to keep the sharpies away," explained H. Gordon Henges, director of the Kiwanis project.—By Al Weisman

who hold a similar point of view, fail to realize that it is not the judges or the courts that labor need fear. The decisions of judges are subject to review, and wherever error is established the higher courts have no hesitation in reversing the opinions of the lower. Danger, consequently, does not lie here. It lies, instead, in public opinion which, if the interests of the public and the nation continue to be flouted, will most certainly rise in righteous wrath and demand labor legislation that will restrain and punish labor generally, and not merely labor's extreme minorities. And if that is permitted to happen, labor may be seriously set back, not merely by the loss of excessive privileges to which it has no real right, but also by the loss of important and legitimate rights that it has taken years to attain.

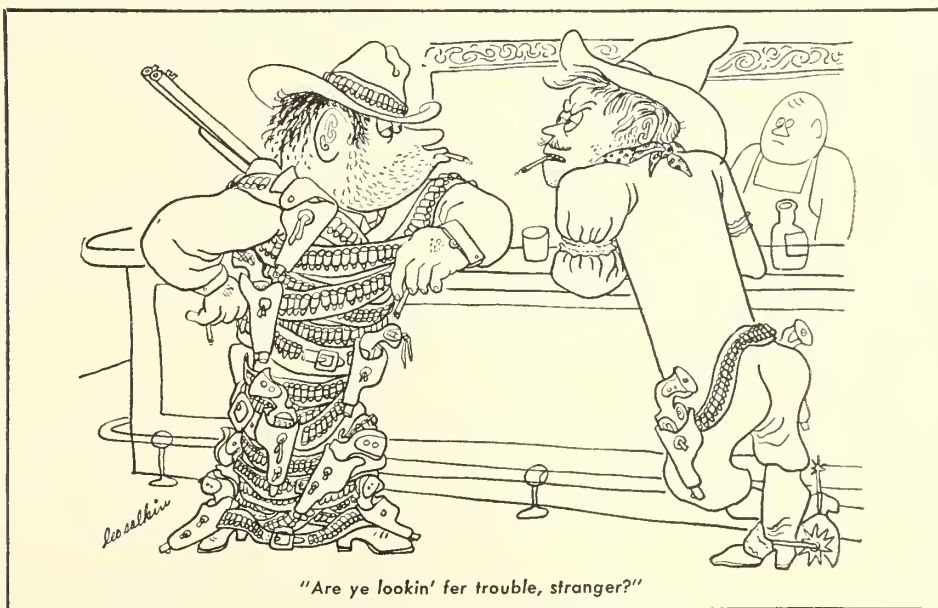
MANY unions and union members are entirely conscious of this. "Why should not labor controversies be submitted to a tribunal of expert judges, a Labor Court

patterned after our U. S. Supreme Court?" asks the May number of *The White Collar Unionist* of Pittsburgh. "We submit to the court matters affecting our property, our liberty and our lives. Why should industrial disputes be the solitary exception to this rational method society has worked out at the cost of blood and tears for the settlement of differences?" and *The International Teamster*, the official magazine of the Brotherhood of Teamsters, recently made the statement that "strikes have become a national menace. . . . They must be curtailed or the nation will sink into chaos and organized labor will perish."

MUCH care should be taken in the preparation of the legislation that would be required before such a court as I propose could be set up. We should have learned by now that legislation that is hurriedly and punitively written is apt to create more problems than it corrects. And if we are really to solve the problems that face us in the field of labor relations, we must approach the subject with a desire to understand and a determination to serve the best and greatest interest of our land.

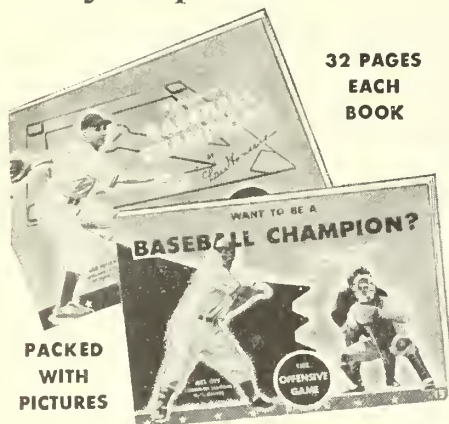
Can anyone seriously suggest that the interests of any minority group should be given more protection than the interests of the public and the nation? Or can any thoughtful person prefer the irrational methods of strikes and lockouts to the thoughtful and impartial methods of our courts of law?

Labor legislation of some kind is certain to be placed on the statute books sometime in the reasonably near future. And in what way can labor better further its own interests, or more greatly improve its standing in the eyes of the American public, than by agreeing to make itself answerable for its actions before impartial courts of law, as all other American individuals and groups already do?

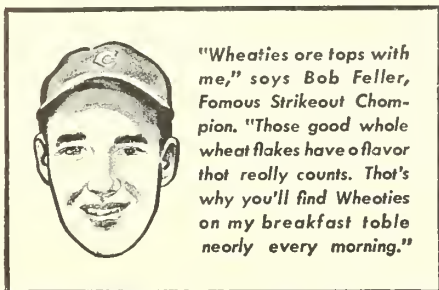


GET SET FOR A CHAMPION BASEBALL SEASON

Introduce these books to
your post team



Give your team a "Big-League Brush-Up" in fundamental baseball—by two of the greatest teachers in the game. Easy to learn "The Offensive Game" from Ethan Allen, "The Defensive Game" from Lew Fonseca (aided by Bob Feller, Hank Greenberg, other major league stars). See that every member of your post team gets these authentic coaching manuals. And get a head start toward a champion season!



"Wheaties are tops with me," says Bob Feller, Famous Strikeout Champion. "Those good whole wheat flakes have a flavor that really counts. That's why you'll find Wheaties on my breakfast table nearly every morning."

FREE SAMPLE COPY

Athletic Officers! Mail coupon below for sample copies of baseball manuals. Directions for obtaining additional books are included with your introductory copies.



"Breakfast of Champions"

WITH MILK AND FRUIT
"Wheaties" and "Breakfast of Champions" are registered trademarks of General Mills, Inc.

MAIL THIS COUPON

General Mills, Inc., Dept. 395
625 Marquette Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.
Please send me FREE sample copies of Wheaties two baseball books.

Name _____

Post _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

This special offer expires August 1, 1947.

Sports Varieties

Fur-Lined Skis

If you know how to wax your skis properly you can walk straight up almost any snow-covered slope without doing an exhausting herring-bone, then zip right down again whenever you're ready. Proper waxing will prevent backslipping on the way up, but by merely rubbing the skis back and forth a couple of times after you reach the summit you're all set for a fast-sliding run down. Only trouble is there are only a few rare, leather-skinned old experts who are able to sniff the air, clench a handful of snow, and know immediately which wax and how much of it to use for perfect results.

Skiers who never have any luck with wax often use a sealskin. It is a piece of seal fur cut to fit the bottom of each ski, and is strapped on with the hair-tips pointing backward. You walk straight up hill with this device on your skis, and the slightest backslip is arrested because the snow rubs the fur the wrong way. Downhill runs with sealskin on are entirely satisfactory for cross-country skiing, but not quite fast enough for high speed runs. For the latter you remove the sealskins at the summit and tote them on the downgrade.—
By Ken Littlefield

Grab Your Reel and Flap Your Wings

AMERICAN hunters and fishers are sprouting wings. Instead of spending several days reaching some back country lake or hunting ground the sportsman can board his plane and annihilate distance like nobody's business.

One Detroit business man flies by plane to an isolated unfished lake in the North Canadian wilderness, lands it on the water with its pontoon runners, and hooks hungry trout by the dozen. Sometimes he fishes from the plane and sometimes from a rubber boat. An Ozark Mountain man has made his lake accessible to more sportmen by building a landing strip so they can fly in from hundreds of miles. Three big airlines are planning "hunters' specials" to the pheasant and goose shooting grounds of South Dakota.

In this new air age thousands of unfished lakes and streams in isolated sections of the continent are now accessible, Caribou of Canada's unspoiled wilderness, game and fishing grounds of Canada, Mexico and Guatemala are only a few hours away. And you won't use up half your vacation period going and coming.—
By Ross L. Holman

Qualified But Not Eligible

HIS father was only the caretaker at the exclusive tennis club in Ecuador, but Francisco (Pancho) Segura wanted to become a member more than anything else in the world. He shagged balls as the members played, and improved his own game when they had finished for the day.

But the members couldn't figure how the caretaker's son fitted into their membership,

and they turned him down as one of the boys. Several seasons later, when he had won every tennis title in the South American nation and had been decorated by the government for international victories, those same members were only too happy to invite him to join the club—free.—
By Bob Deindorfer.

Is the Beanpole Here to Stay?

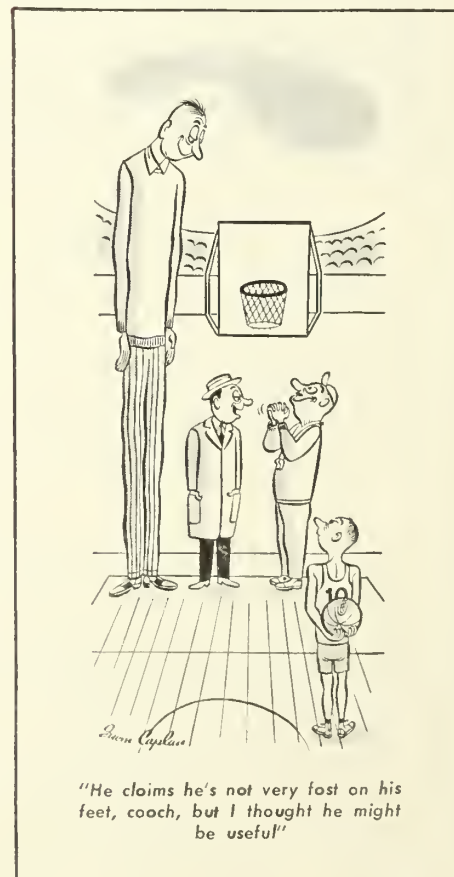
THE problem of the walking skyscraper continues to disturb basketball coaches. Bruce Drake of Oklahoma says, "Fifty fellows who happen to be over six feet nine inches tall control the college game played by over a million boys."

Drake agrees with Nat Holman, of the New York's City College, who wants to see the big boys earn their baskets. Holman suggests circumventing some of the giants' advantage by widening the free throw lane to 12 feet instead of the present six, and prohibiting a player within 21 feet of the end of the forecourt to hold the ball more than three seconds. All coaches seeking to restrict the skyscrapers say, "Get that big guy out from under the basket."

Dolph Stanley, coach of Beloit, who has himself started a six foot eleven inch center, says the baskets ought to be hung from the ceiling, eight or ten feet in bounds, with no backboard, just a rim hanging in front of the shooter.

Phog Allen, of the University of Kansas, did some experimenting. He raised the baskets to twelve feet—two feet higher than the regulation ten feet—and he discovered what will probably be the case with all rules that hamper the big men: the little men were hampered just as much, or more. Phog says the big boys liked the 12-foot basket even better, there was more space under the goals for them and the little guys didn't tangle up in their legs so much.

In the long run it may become clear that we must accept the tall boys as part of the game.—
By Carol C. Hall



SPEED QUEENS

(Continued from page 13)

the fish on the line was not a shark. After a short run a gorgeous marlin came to the surface shaking his head, with the blood pouring out of his mouth. The crew laughingly shouted that the fish was gill-racked and the fisherman wrist-racked. After ten minutes of hard fighting (I worked hard to beat the sharks who were sure to arrive in short order on account of the bleeding fish), I had the marlin alongside the boat and the guide took the leader, but the fish broke loose and made a long hard run. However, I got him back in about five minutes more and we had him tied up in fifteen minutes. He weighed 505 pounds even, and I was back on the dock with a prize twenty-five minutes after having left it. This fish probably lost 30 to 40 pounds of blood as well as the contents of his stomach. Emptying the stomach is a trick the bill fish do when hooked deep. Fish that swallow the hook or get it in the gills or in the eye usually are taken very quickly but you hook very few in those places. There is more likelihood of a big fish swallowing the bait when it is drifting from a boat that is not under way, as happened in this case.

A few days later I went out and hooked a nice fish in the wake of the boat after missing him off the outrigger. This one was very active and a peach of a fish to fight. He took out about 1200 feet of line, then doubled back and was jumping within thirty feet of the boat with the 900 feet of line off my reel. He jumped over thirty times by actual count and when we brought him alongside he charged the boat and ran his bill five inches through the wooden planking and dented the tin of the icebox. I still have the bill, all covered with wood dust. I came very near losing this one as he got ahead of the boat and we had to run over the line to prevent him from



From where I sit by Joe Marsh

Are Returning Veterans "Different"?

During the war you heard a lot about how hard it was going to be for returning veterans to get adjusted to civilian life . . . how they'd be "different" or feel strange.

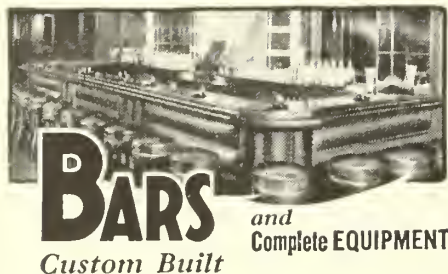
Well, plenty of them have returned to our town, and a finer, steadier bunch you couldn't ask for. Most of them are back at the same jobs . . . going with the same nice home-town girls (getting married, some of them, and setting up families) . . . renewing the same old friendships.

Even their amusements are the same. Nothing much more exciting than fishing down at Seward's Creek or pitching horseshoes . . . enjoying an outdoor barbecue with friendly wholesome beer and pleasant talk.

If they've changed at all it's in the direction of maturity and tolerance . . . tolerance for everything except dictators, and those who would destroy our democratic principles of live and let live. And from where I sit, that's another reason to be proud of them.

Joe Marsh





We build bars and equipment to your individual design and requirements and ship anywhere in U. S. High quality, long lived equipment has brought us national reputation with customers in every state. Now is time to install new bars and fixtures. Improved atmosphere brings increased trade and profits.

Custom built fixtures of wood or stainless steel for every purpose . . . for bars, taverns, restaurants, stores of all types . . . are made in our spacious plant covering 1 square city block. You're invited to visit our plant or write for free 64-page catalog.

We have completely equipped many of your club rooms with bars, tables, booths and stools.

A. J. STEPHENS & CO., 2814 E. 14th St., Kansas City 1, Mo.

ORDER BOTH FOR \$1.00 POST PAID



INK PAD and excellent 3-LINE RUBBER STAMP with complete name and address, or other wording having no more than 70 characters. Satisfaction Guaranteed. Return with order—no C. O. D.'s Please.

LONG STAMP CO.
11304 Chandler Blvd.
P. O. Box 734-North Hollywood, Calif.

OH JOY! QUICK RELIEF FROM MUSCULAR ACHES
DUE TO FATIGUE AND EXPOSURE
RUB ON **EN-AR-CO**

INSTANTLY BEGINS ITS 4-FOLD WORK OF HELPING SOOTHE MUSCULAR ACHES
CAUTION: USE ONLY AS DIRECTED

NEXT MONTH

Your March issue of The American Legion Magazine will be filled with articles, stories and special features you won't want to miss. Among these you will want to read:

THE NMU—PAID IN FULL

How the National Maritime Union is trying to secure for its well-paid wartime merchant seamen members GI Bill benefits earned the hard way by service men.

YOUR CHANCES IN TRUCKING

Thousands of veterans are interested in trucking as a career. It's a good field but it has pitfalls which are pointed out in this informative article.

WHY I JOINED THE LEGION

Twenty Legionnaires from all over the country were picked at random and asked why they had joined the organization. Their answers make interesting reading.

PRIZE CATCH

A short story about a fish that never should have been caught, and the kind of sportsmanship that brought him in.

EISENHOWER COURTESY, CHURCHILL CURIOSITY

WHEN Winston Churchill and General Eisenhower, followed by a large crowd, visited the restored colonial buildings in Williamsburg, Va. last spring, one of the guides noted that whenever the distinguished party was ready to leave a building, General Eisenhower suddenly became interested in some aspect of the exhibit. By the time he got out, the crowd had closed in around the former British Prime Minister. It wasn't until near the end of the tour that the guide caught on to the famous soldier's trick. He was hanging back so that Churchill, the visitor and the elder statesman, could receive the applause of the large crowd, without any competition from Ike Eisenhower.

During the same tour the Williamsburg authorities stationed their loveliest hostesses at strategic points in the historic buildings. One sweet young thing, stiff and proper in an eighteenth century costume, was posted at the head of the stairs in the Governor's Palace. When Churchill came in, he stopped to admire the girl's pretty, blushing face, and trim figure. Just before leaving, he stopped by again for another look. With his black cigar almost touching the girl's dress, Churchill asked her in a loud stage whisper: "You alive?"

"Yes," the hostess answered feebly.

"Good," said Churchill as he turned and left the building.—By R. M. Dobie

making a complete circle around it. He weighed 400 even and was boated in twenty-one minutes, foul hooked squarely in the angle of the jaw on the outside, which gave him an extra advantage.

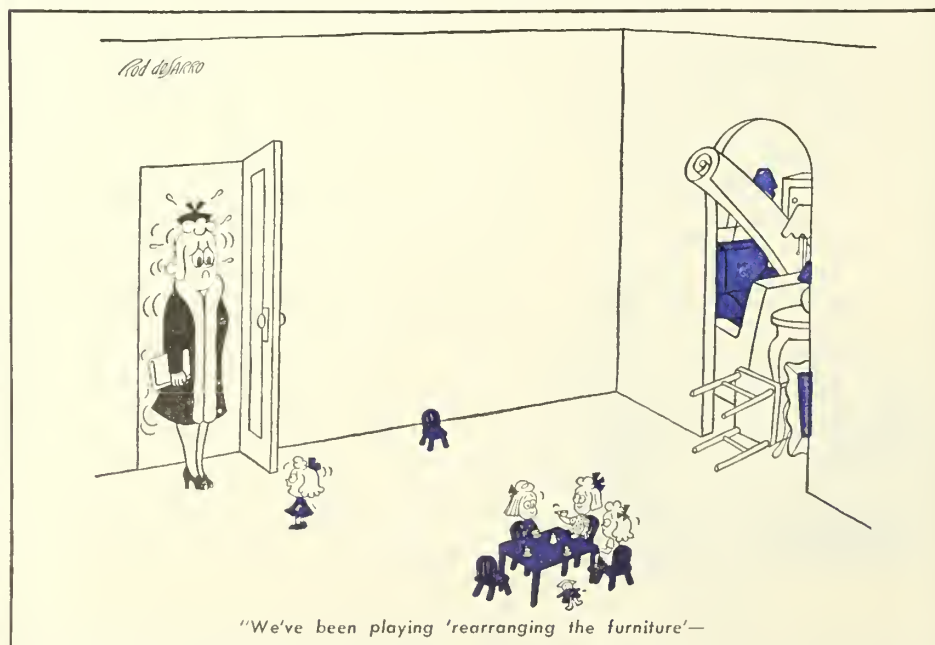
The following year on my next trip fishing with Capt. Bill Hatch of Miami, senior Atlantic guide, I hung one weighing 406 pounds in twenty-four minutes. He jumped twenty-three times, was hooked in the jaw and came completely out of the water when he took the bait.

All blue marlin are magnificent in their color variation. The colors fade out when the fish is boated; a remarkable sight to see. This fish was a particularly beautiful one, and his bill also took on a vivid hue as he passed away. It is the only marlin I have ever seen that showed any color in his rough, black bill, either alive or dead. Why this phenomenon took place I could not venture to say, but Mrs. Farrington, Hugo Rutherford, Hatch, and his mate Jimmy Rogers all witnessed it.

Much as I want to catch these wonderful

fish, and in spite of the great thrill I get out of fighting them, it always gives me a feeling of sadness to watch them die. Max Fleischmann hit the nail on the head when he said they reminded him of an electric light bulb slowly burning out. This fish made it five in a row that weighed 400 or better. Yes, it was quite a streak and I felt pretty good about it except when I thought of the four "Boscoes" that were over twice as big that had got away.

The following year I went down for only four days and on the second day raised a nice fish that crossed the wake of the bait with his dorsal fin erect, his back awash, and the upper lobe of his caudal fin or tail straight in the air. He looked like a submarine surfacing. He swam up, grabbed the bait and kept right on coming towards the boat which made him doubly hard to hook. The guide instantly gunned the boat ahead full speed but when the line came out of the outrigger I struck a slack line, and had to sit down in the chair and take out the slack, a delay that



seemed hours long. Then I struck a tight line and hit the fish four or five times.

The marlin made a good run of around 1400 feet without showing himself. I got him back within 150 feet of the boat and then the unexpected happened. If I thought that the second fish I described did some headshaking, I wish you had been fast to *this* fellow. It was indescribable. All I could do was check the savage thrashing by holding the line against the grip and then instantly letting it go, at the same time having, of course, nothing but the lightest of drags on the reel. If such head-wagging continues the line may easily break and possibly the rod if you are not prepared to ease off. I am frank to admit that if I had not had the experience with that other headshaker I would never have caught this one.

The next five minutes were as tough as any I had ever put in with any fish up to that time. Since then I have had several swordfish that were worse. When this marlin finally came out, he did a few long, leaping grayhounds, sounded, came out again and we saw that he had become tailed up. That is, the leader had become wrapped around his tail. It only happens occasionally, but when it does if you can keep him on the surface you will almost always get your fish unless the sharks get there first. If they get down on you, God help you, for your marlin is helpless to fight off the sharks. They didn't and the marlin was ours. This fish weighed only 378 pounds and my streak had been broken. The average for the six blue marlin was 422 pounds and I will put that run against any blue marlin for any place that has so far been fished.

The day I caught that fish we raised six of them before two o'clock, hooked four and caught two in what is called



rough water, which is usually best for sailfish on the Florida side and marlin on the Bahamian side of the Gulf Stream.

If you're looking for thrills go after those blue marlin and don't get discouraged if you lose a few. The breaks will come your way. You can divide your fishing up among three or four people. While I was catching the fish described above, Mrs. Farrington, Sherman Pratt, Ben Crowninshield and Hugo Rutherford, all good fishermen whom I was lucky to have with me, caught eleven other blue marlin, and Rutherford had a pair which weighed 508 and 568 respectively. If you ever cross the Gulf Stream to fish these grounds, I sincerely hope you match that pair.

HOW TO TELL A JAP

DURING the Luzon Campaign many Jap spies disguised as Filipinos slipped behind our lines to detect our strength and disposition. Dressed in floppy straw hats and ragged short pants it was almost impossible to tell them from the Filipinos.

One day in February, 1945, my platoon was assigned the job of guarding a road block. It was frequented by many Filipinos who traded souvenirs to my men for cigarettes and C-Rations.

One of the Filipinos walked up to me and pointed to a man sitting under a tree apparently taking a nap. "Lieutenant," he said softly, "him Jap." It was hard to believe because he looked just like all the other Filipinos in that vicinity.

When he saw us looking at him the man rose slowly and started walking away. The Filipino said again in a low voice, "Him Jap."

The man began to jog.

The Filipino said louder, "Him Jap."

The man began to run.

The Filipino screamed at the top of his voice, "Him Jap."

I ordered the fleeing man to halt. He ran faster.

"Fire!" I ordered. If the fellow wasn't a spy he wouldn't be running.

Two of my men fired and he fell with two 30-caliber slugs in his back.

When we reached him he was dead. We pulled his ragged shirt off and found Jap dog tags around his neck. We also found a pencil and a map with our road block plotted on it in his pocket. Had he reached the Jap lines they would have blown our road block to kingdom-come with artillery fire.

I asked the Filipino how he could tell the dead man was a Jap when he dressed and walked and looked just like a Filipino. The Filipino answered, "Him no smell like us."—By Josh M. Drake, Jr.

LANOLIZE*
YOUR SHOES WITH
ESQUIRE
BOOT POLISH

CONTAINS LANOLIN

for a **BRIGHTER LONGER-LASTING** **LOOKING GLASS SHINE**

Product of KNOX MARK MFG CO., INC., BROOKLYN, N. Y.
On sale at
Shoe Stores, Shoe Departments, Shoe Repair Shops

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

ENERGIZE BETWEEN MEALS WITH Vita-Sert

FOR extra energy any time, eat this vitamin-rich chocolate that melts in your mouth. Get Vita-Sert.

BE ALERT—EAT VITA-SERT

10¢ AT ALL COUNTERS

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

COOK CHOCOLATE CO. CHICAGO, ILL.

COMMENDED BY PARENTS MAGAZINE CONSUMER SERVICE

You Get These VITAMINS IN EVERY BAR

A	4000 I. U.
B ₁	1 Mg.
B ₂	2 Mg.
C	30 Mg.
D	400 I. U.

These quantities are 100% of minimum adult daily requirements as set by U. S. Government.

SALESMEN FOR CITY AND COUNTY

Nationally Known Manufacturer

Build up a business of your own with Nationally Advertised Products bearing Underwriters' label. Sell to schools, factories, service stations, warehouses, hotels, restaurants, public institutions, truck and bus companies, grain elevators, house trailers, autos, farms, homes, etc. **Capable man can earn real money.** Established in 1916. Write letter with details, age, experience, etc.

THE FYR-FYTER CO.,
Dept. 9-26 Dayton 1, Ohio

SLICK TRICKS OF THE COMMIES

(Continued from page 21)

and other forms of parliamentary hair-splitting, are used to wear down and exhaust the patience of the bulk of the non-Communists present to a point where they drift out in numbers because of the late hour, hunger, boredom, or other engagements. "Hot" Communist resolutions and tricky maneuvers are then quickly brought out by trusted non-Party dupes and steam-rolled through with a minimum of parliamentary palaver. Note that Communists seldom introduce their own tell-tale resolutions, since this would reveal their identities—commie stooges and simpleton dupes are invariably used as cover-ups.

Many unions and other organizations have been badly surprised to learn the next day that the meeting of the night before, which had apparently dwindled to a handful of diehards and wrangling radicals at a late hour, had passed some very awkward or dangerous resolutions in the name of the entire organization. Unwary officials might find themselves facing formal trials or investigations on phony plausible "charges." Or the union's funds, welfare, security, or good name may have been dangerously compromised by an inopportune strike, direct or sympathetic, or some other far-reaching action on which 90 percent of the members had no chance to express their disapproval. The obvious answer to this Communist tactic is for the majority to force through an adjournment vote before a single member is allowed to leave the meeting.

The Phony Opposition

Anti-Communists are sometimes heartened by the apparent miracle of a split in the heretofore solid ranks of the Communists



and their supporters. Or labor unionists seeking ways and means of ridding their union of the Communist incubus are badly surprised to find their most secret plans and conversations in the hands of the Stalinists. The answer to both of these apparent mysteries is the little known but highly effective technique of the Phony Opposition. This Phony Opposition is composed of all undetected Party members and such dependable camp followers who have not been compromised by consistently supporting the Party "line."

In Communist-controlled unions where a rising opposition becomes threatening, outstanding leaders of the secret Phony Opposition will run for office *against* the Communist incumbents, thus neatly splitting the anti-Communist vote and assuring the re-election of the Communist slate. Sometimes the revolt is strong enough to sweep these Communist stalking horses into office; the deluded membership then congratulating themselves on their "victory" of having thrown out the Communists. In any straight, out-and-out Com-

munist versus anti-Communist fight always be wary of a second set of "anti" candidates or any other maneuver to split the anti-Communist vote.

In critical situations where it appears certain that the "Fraction" faces utter defeat, the tactic of the Phony Opposition enables the Communists to salvage something from the debacle and even make a few gains. The Phony Opposition comes out openly in support of the majority but its role is strictly one of treacherous sabotage and espionage. Its speakers indulge in silly, illogical, and non-union tactics and speeches in order to embarrass and weaken the position of the true opposition. They will even attack the Communists—not as Communists and a menace to the union. Oh no!—but merely on the grounds that they are "ill-advised" or wrong on this particular issue. Green and unwary anti-Communists naturally welcome their newly found allies with open arms little realizing they have thrown open their defenses to a Trojan Horse full of armed Communist spies. Secret anti-Communists reveal their identities and plans for cleaning up the Communists.

The Phony Opposition protects the Communists from ever being isolated or driven out of any organization. A secret battalion has been left behind in the very heart of the enemy's camp. The bitterly-acquired knowledge that it is almost impossible to form any broad anti-Communist front without attracting a slick gang of C.P. spies and saboteurs posing as "anti-Communists" has discouraged more than one labor unionist into abandoning the struggle against such accomplished conspirators and experts in low cunning, deceit, and treachery.

Lack of space alone prevents the inclusion of a number of other interesting Communist tricks. Watch for the shopworn, old "It is no accident" gag used to "amalgamate" opponents with some utterly unpopular cause or person. Joe Zilch who gets up to question some particularly raw Communist swindling in his union is most effectively squelched by: "It is no accident that Brother Zilch starts red-baiting some of this union's most devoted and hard-

FLAMETHROWERS FOR FARMERS

BECAUSE veteran Price C. McLemore, of Montgomery, Alabama, saw the flamethrower as a weapon to fight weeds and boll weevils, as well as to scorch out a pillbox, the last gap in the mechanical production of cotton has now been bridged.

McLemore, a reserve officer in the infantry, attached to the Tank Corps, learned about the modern flamethrower when it first came into use by the Italian Army in preparation for the invasion of Ethiopia. Much impressed with it, he wondered if it could not be turned against weeds, most irritating aggressors against cotton growers like himself. Once, after a sleepless night, he tested his theory that the fibrous cotton stalk would withstand the heat necessary to kill weeds. As a "flamethrower" he used a blowtorch.

In 1940, while still eliminating

the "bugs" from his machine, McLemore was called to active duty as a captain and assigned to the Air Corps. However, he had interested several agricultural experiment stations and others in his invention and they continued to test it while he was in service. Results were remarkable. The flame cultivator killed weeds without damaging the sturdy cotton stalks, at a cost $\frac{1}{6}$ to $\frac{1}{8}$ of that required for hand hoeing. It was also found that the machine shook large numbers of weevils off the plants into the flames. Now in production by the New Holland Machine Company, farm equipment manufacturers, it has also proved successful with sugar cane, corn, soy beans, orchards and other crops. By reducing the cost of cotton production, this war-born invention is expected to play an important part in the coming economic advancement of the South.—By W. T. Tucker.

working members just at this time when the Wall Street atom bomb warmongers are pounding their tom-toms of hate against our ally Russia." Keeping the pot of discontent merrily bubbling by initiating an endless string of phony beefs is another common tactic known as "Raising the Issue." As Communists attend the same schools, soak up the same Party literature, and solemnly mouth the same Party gibberish, they in time unwittingly betray themselves by their own peculiar argot and characteristic terminology. An experienced anti-Communist can easily draw up a long list of clichés and pet words infallibly revealing the dyed-in-the-wool Stalinist.

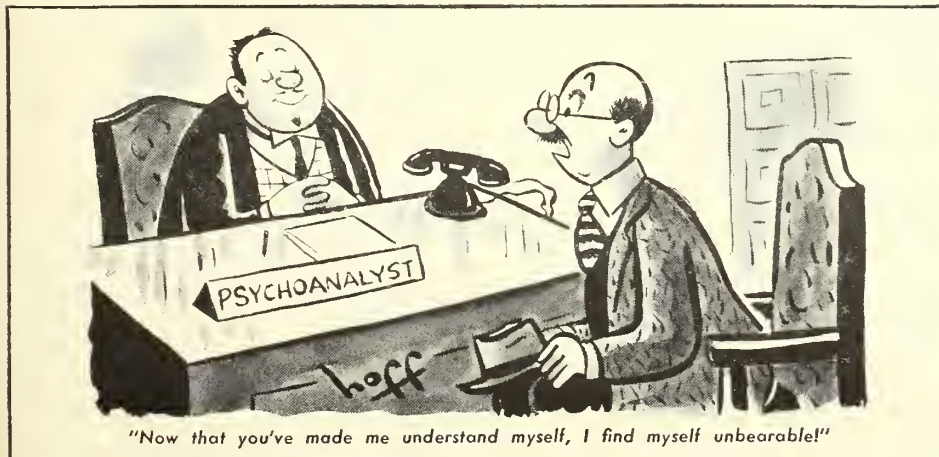
"Manufacturing martyrs" by framing some poor dupe in a labor skirmish and then collecting thousands of dollars for "legal defense" is another trusted old conmy trick which serves to embarrass and discredit the police and authorities, besides bringing in money needed for other purposes. Scaring off oppositionists and getting rid of troublesome candidates running against Party members by anonymously telephoned threats of physical violence at 2 A.M. is also very effective. The serpentine scheming in rigging booby traps and landmines for unsuspecting opponents in order to "expose them as phonies" and drive them out of the labor movement, obviously cannot be described in a few words. A book could be written on Communist publicity techniques whereby obscure and unknown Party nonentities are "puffed up" into "World famous, beloved labor leaders" or "great progressives."

Don't fall for the Communist hokum that they are ubiquitous and invincible. Hitler peddled the same line for years. This is merely Communist self-hypnosis and serves the double purpose of frightening their enemies and bolstering their own morale. A former leading Communist in reading over these articles pointed out that without this myth of invincibility it would be most difficult to recruit new members and to maintain morale among seasoned Communists. One has to swallow a great deal to be a Communist to say nothing of the public and social liabilities that Party membership entails. Deprived of the



comfort of religion, public esteem and good conscience which a socially useful life confers, Communists find a most soothing unguent in the delusion that they are the elite of the future, the sure inheritors of absolute power over man and property. Communist arrogance and colossal self-righteousness are nothing but opiates intended to deaden all doubts and to still any twinges of conscience and self-respect.

Individuals cannot hope to lick machines, especially such a craftily led and unscrupulous machine as the Communist Party, USA. However, in unions and organizations where the anti-Communists banded together in a united front and used ordinary intelligence, energy, and persistence the comrades were quickly liquidated. Remember — Communists fear only three things: positive and unshakable identification, ruthless exposure, and total isolation.



HOW I STEPPED into a Big Pay HOTEL JOB!

Don E. Ulmer Becomes Hotel Manager With Substantial Increases in Salary Although He Knew Nothing About Hotel Work



"Immediately after I received my Lewis diploma, I gave up my job in an office and accepted a position obtained for me by the Lewis Placement Service at a famous resort hotel. At the end of the season I was appointed Manager of another hotel. Later I came to this hotel. Each time that I made a change meant an increase in salary. I give credit to the Lewis Course."

HOTELS NEED TRAINED MEN AND WOMEN

Thousands of Lewis-trained men and women winning success and a sound, substantial future in the colorful hotel, club and institutional field. They are making good as Managers, Assistant Managers, Stewards, Hostesses, Executive Housekeepers and in 55 other types of well-paid positions. Not only has this fascinating business been breaking records, but authorities agree the greatest travel boom in history is now under way. The demand for trained men and women, therefore, will be greater than ever. Previous experience proved unnecessary in this business where you are not dropped because you are over 40. Good grade school education, plus Lewis Training, qualifies you at home, in spare time. Write your name and address in the margin and mail this ad TODAY for Free Book which tells how you are registered free of extra cost in Lewis National Placement Service.

VETERANS: This course approved for Veterans' Training

Lewis Hotel Training School 31st SUCCESSFUL YEAR
Room LE-4785 Washington 7, D.C.

CROSMAN Silent RIFLES



NOW AVAILABLE

America's favorite compressed air rifles for indoor or outdoor shooting are back again! Available in .22 Cal. Single Shot and Magazine Loading types. At your dealer—or order direct. Ask for Crosman SUPER-PILLS too—the better ammunition for all compressed air rifles: .177 Cal.—\$2.25 per M; .22 Cal.—\$2.50 per M.

CROSMAN ARMS CO., INC. ROCHESTER 7, N. Y.

Now for EVERY WORK SHOP! NEW Invention Electroplates by BRUSH



Easy to Plate CHROMIUM GOLD, SILVER, NICKEL, COPPER

... For Pleasure and Profit!

If you have a workshop—at home or in business—you need this new Warner Electroplate. At the stroke of an electrified brush, you can electroplate models and projects—you can replate worn articles, faucets, tools, fixtures, silverware, etc. with a durable, sparkling coat of metal... Gold, Silver, Chromium, Nickel, Copper or Cadmium. Method is easy, simple, quick. Everything furnished—equipment complete, ready for use. *By doing a bit of work for others, your machine can pay for itself within a week.* So make your shop complete by getting a Warner Electroplate right away. Send today for FREE SAMPLE and illustrated literature. ACT AT ONCE!

WARNER ELECTRIC CO., DEPT. L-2
1512 Jarvis Avenue, Chicago 26, Ill.

FREE Details & Sample!

WARNER ELECTRIC CO., 1512 Jarvis Ave., Chicago 26, Dept. L-2
Gentlemen: Send Free Sample and Details to:

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ Zone _____ State _____

PAYING AN INCOME TAX?

(Continued from page 9)

unemployment insurance and school tuition.

- (4) Contributions by the Government to the family allowance; pensions and benefits from such acts as the War Risk Insurance Act and World War Veterans' Act.
- (5) Payments received for disability pensions, retirement pay for service-incurred illness; workmen's compensation, accident or health insurance.
- (6) Value of subsistence and quarters furnished, or money rental allowance where quarters and/or subsistence were not furnished; value of travel furnished in kind to discharged enlisted men, or value of free medical and hospital treatment.

YOU OWE A TAX ON

- (7) Private income from a job, business, profession or other source if the total of such income exceeds certain amounts, as follows:

(A) \$500 if you are single.

(B) If married \$500 for yourself plus \$500 for your wife plus \$500 for each dependent, for instance \$2000 for a husband, wife and two children.

NOW, if you were an officer for part of the year, and a civilian for the rest, the situation is slightly different. Only the first \$1500 of actual service pay is tax exempt. This includes terminal leave pay. Otherwise all of the items mentioned in paragraphs (3) to (6) for enlisted men are *not* taxable. Whatever you made over the \$1500 exemption is added to your civilian income and you are then allowed

additional exemptions the same as civilians and former enlisted men as mentioned in (7)-A and -B above.

It makes no difference whatever, in figuring your exemption on private income, if you were a civilian for only one month or eleven. You still get a full year's exemption on the private earnings. But, if you were a former officer, and left the service before you earned \$1500 for last year, you may not carry over the unused portion of the service-income exemption to apply against private income.

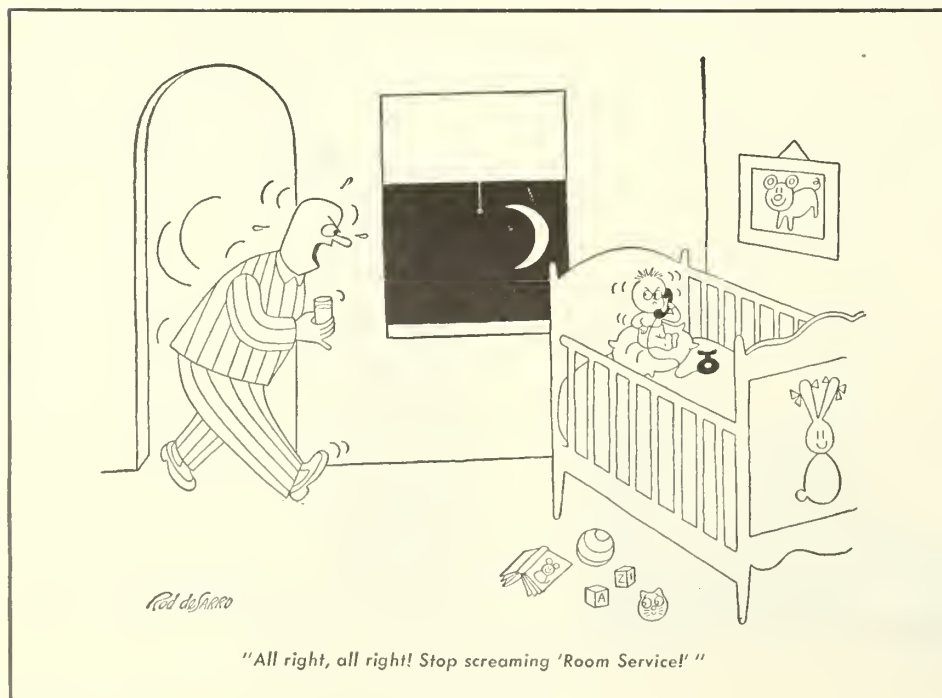
IN EITHER case, as a veteran, if you have been working on private payrolls you have probably been initiated into the realm of "pay-as-you-go" method of withholding income taxes from your payroll.

Since withholding tax is figured on a steady annual income, many veterans who did not start civilian work until the late months of the year will have refunds coming. For instance, if you were discharged August 15th, 1946 and began work September 1st at \$40 a week, your total taxable income for the year, as a former enlisted man, would be only \$680. Your taxes should have been with on the basis of your making \$2,080 a year, so you can see that you have a refund coming. You should file your return as soon before the March 15th rush as possible to get an early rebate, mentioning of course that you are a veteran.

The same thing exactly holds true with former officers. Say, after figuring the \$1500 exclusion from your service-earned pay, you showed \$500 over and above this amount, representing taxable income; you then got a job at \$75 a week on September 1st and paid taxes on the basis of \$3900 a year (\$75 times 52) for the remainder of 1946, although your excess service pay plus your private income totaled only \$1775. You definitely have a refund coming.

BESIDES these refunds, former non-commissioned ratings may discover that they have additional refunds for taxes they may have paid on active-service income for the years 1941, 1942, 1943 and 1944. The Revenue Act of 1945 wiped out all tax obligations on the active-service pay for any non-commissioned individual for those years. Yet quite a few of the men in the higher non-commissioned ratings actually paid income taxes on service pay for those exempt years, or paid interest on taxes they figured they owed for those years and postponed paying. If you're one of them, write to your collector's office immediately and request a refund.

The \$1500 special exemption for officers



Show Me the Way—

EX-WAC Mickey Young spent the past summer in Mexico with the idea of improving her Spanish. One of the first words she added to her vocabulary was "excusado" which Mickey took to mean "excuse me." On the crowded trolley when she bumped into fellow passengers she would murmur, "Excusado, señor, excusado." Immediately the aisle would be cleared for her passage. On the street the señoras would react to her "Excusado, por favor," by excitedly whispering something in her ear. Men seemed to be confused by her courtesy and often would back away shyly to give her complicated directions. During her last week in Mexico Mickey learned why her "excusado" brought such strange results. "Excusado" is the Spanish word for toilet!

—By Howard René Stephenson

began with 1943. There has been no change in this since '43. For 1941 and 1942 all service pay for officers was taxable.

ON THE other hand, if you had a job before you went in, and owed income taxes on that salary, you still owe those taxes to the Government if you have not already paid them. Many inductees took advantage of the moratorium privileges on taxes due and postponed payment until they completed their service career. Those back taxes become due six months after you returned to the United States for discharge or three months after the official declaration of war's end, which has not yet been officially proclaimed by the President, whichever is earlier. The government allows you to spread payment of these back taxes over 3 years, upon written application, beginning about six months after your actual discharge and



"Was my operation a success?"



THOSE IN THE KNOW ~ ASK FOR

OLD CROW



"Money on the barrel-head"...
and the barrel was often
James Crow's Whiskey

When America's railroad builders bought their rights of way into the West, many a bargain was sealed with a round of Old Crow... then, as now, a whiskey worthy of high respect.

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT - BOTTLED IN BOND

A Truly Great Name

AMONG AMERICA'S GREAT WHISKIES



Amphibious Business

MANY a veteran of amphibious operations marked the peacetime possibilities of invasion craft in his book of post-war plans. Most forgot about it, but Chester Bintliff didn't. His idea was to adapt the sea-train idea to inland waterways transportations, using loaded auto trailers in place of railroad cars, and the LCT in place of big ships.

Enlisting his brother, David, in the plan, Chester Bintliff on his discharge formed Gulf-Canal Lines, Inc., of Houston, Texas. Their company is the first to receive Interstate Commerce Commission approval for invasion barge use in handling freight shipments.

Service began with four LCT's and two LSM's. The former were designed for navigation over the inland bayous, streams and canals stretching from Mobile to Corpus Christi. The LSM's ply deep water Gulf routes from Corpus Christi to Brownsville.

"We made a few changes in their design," Chester Bintliff explained, "which make them better for our purpose. The LCT's were lengthened to an overall length of 215 feet, with 32-foot beam so that each can carry 15 trailers, and the LSM's were likewise changed for more efficient freight operation. The service uses 100 trucks trailers. The shipper loads his freight in the trailers, we pick them up, transport them over water to the consignee, deliver to him for unloading. Our barges and LCT's can land anywhere, with or without regular harbor facilities. The only problem we have is to find a convenient beach."

—By David Markstein

Home Builders

ONE of the biggest all-veteran business organizations in the country is doing something tangible about the housing problem—turning out eight houses every day. The company is U. S. Homes, Inc., of Marietta, Ga., whose 196 employes and stockholders are all veterans. They make prefabricated houses, complete even to prefabricated dog houses.

The idea was Jim Bishop's, ex-lieutenant colonel, who felt that G.I.'s who had worked together in wartime should be able to work together as effectively in peacetime. On his return to this country from France he got in touch with another vet, Frank Stone, and they decided to enter the housing field. The two then went to Royal Barry Wills, noted Boston architect, and got from him a basic housing design.

Financing was the next step. Atlanta banks turned down their request for \$175,000 so Bishop called a mass meeting of ex-service men from all Georgia. Eight hundred responded and met at Marietta. A hundred of these invested a thousand dollars apiece, and the treasury was increased by RFC loans and investments of other vet-workers.

At the present time, U. S. Homes, Inc., is turning out eight knocked-down houses daily in a section of the Bell Aircraft plant

at Marietta. This will be increased to ten houses daily when materials are available.

Every worker is a stockholder. Department bosses are directors. Everyone calls everyone else by his first name, and the company is off to the housing races.—By David Markstein

Song Team

DURING the war two Army sergeants met in Calcutta when assigned to the Entertainment Production Unit there. Their names, Bill H. Post, of Gueda Springs, Kansas, and Rieman B. Postel, of Santa Barbara, California, caused a mutual GI friend to suggest that they ought to become partners.

Then, last September they met again, this time in Hollywood, where Post was trying to get some music published and Postel was looking for a job in the studios. They decided to pool their resources and go into partnership. They rented office space, redecorated it and opened a song publishing enterprise. The overseas suggestion had become a reality.

Post attends to all musical matters while Postel is the business manager. Daily they canvass radio studios, band leaders, singers and musicians, plugging their tunes. At the end of their first month in business their first popular number, "The Bengal A-ssam," was introduced coast-to-coast, and another number "The Hill of Henri-Chapelle," a memorial ballad about the U.S. cemetery in Belgium, is soon to be recorded.

Flying Hunters

THE Shade family—Carson, Earl, Pat, Meredith, Audrey and Autumn, Canadian homestead-born brothers and sisters, wartime flyers and radar operators—organized Yukon Hunting, began flying wealthy sportsmen between Los Angeles and Lake Teslin, Alaska, for two weeks' shooting.

The first three parties flew back with a total of 26 caribou, 32 moose, 29 grizzlies, 30 mountain sheep, six timber wolves and countless cases of frozen salmon and trout. Now Yukon Hunting is a going concern, employing 15 Indian guides and cooks, maintaining three camps in Alaskan wilds, successful beyond expectations.

With chartered Douglas DC3 airlines the brothers fly the hunters, run camps, dress game; the sisters manage details, act as stewardesses. Sportsmen speed to moose grounds in 15 hours, bang away for a fortnight, returning with heads, horns, antlers as memorable trophies.

Idea developed while Carson and Earl flew cargo between Great Falls, Mont., and Fairbanks in 1943. Meredith in Europe, Pat in Africa, and the girls, in the Pacific, joined in enthusiastically.

With a booth at the Sportsmen's Show in Los Angeles they signed up their first airliner lode of big-game hunters. "Longer hours and harder work than the Army," they declare, "but fun, with a future."

—By Howard Kegley

continuing for 12 equal installments every 3 months thereafter.

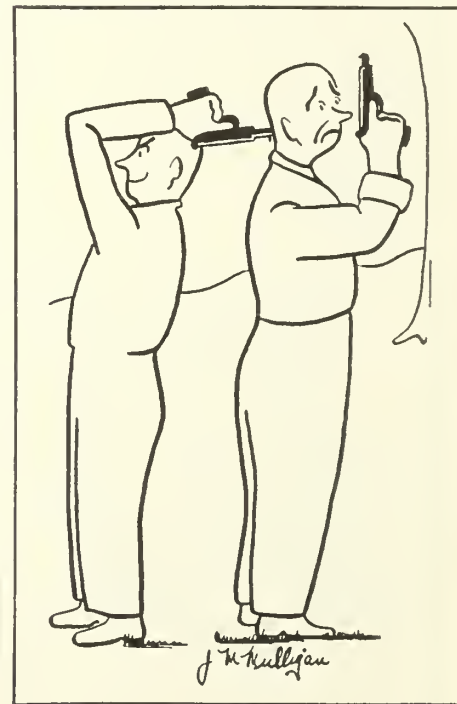
This privilege of spreading payment of postponed taxes over three years is particularly welcome to higher ranking officers who may have postponed paying their taxes on service income. In some cases of majors, colonels and general officers, these postponed taxes run into thousands of dollars.

Families of servicemen killed in action have no responsibility whatever for taxes due on pre-service or service income.

It's conceivable that many men who entered service owing taxes on civilian pay, are out of service but are still unable to pay even on such lenient terms because of disabilities which prevent restoration of income. In cases of unusual hardship, you may appeal to the local collector, who is given a wide discretion in determining the status of such cases.

The minute you were absorbed back into the civilian life-stream, your current tax obligations became due and payable exactly as with all other civilians, despite your back tax status. Now, if you have tested the pointers mentioned in Par. 7 in the opening of this article, and find that you have taxable income, the next step naturally is to compute the actual tax.

If your private income is less than \$5,000 and came only from employers, and not from miscellaneous sources like tips, stock gains, inheritances, or gambling profits, just fill out the back of your Withholding Receipt Statement (W-2) handed you by your employer and mail it in to the collector. He will automatically allow you an additional deduction of 10% of your private income, plus your family exemptions and compute the tax for you. At this point, he determines if your tax is less than





the amount of money withheld from your wages in which case he'll mail you a check instead of a bill.

However, if you can figure deductions amounting to more than 10% of your private income, or if you made more than \$100 from other sources than employment, you should report your earnings and expenses on Form 1040. Also, if your private income is more than \$5,000 then you must use this form instead of the Withholding Statement.

A former officer will probably find it advantageous to use the long form in reporting his income instead of the W-2. This is because he is entitled to numerous expense deductions peculiar to his line of activity, in addition to his \$1500 exemption of service pay, normal family allowances, and normal civilian expenses. An ex-officer can deduct from the excess of his service pay over the \$1500 exemption such items as travel expenses exceeding his travel allowance, contributions to Company funds, cost of campaign bars, corps devices, epaulets, aiguillettes, and Sam

Brown belts; spurs and sword, gold lace, cap devices and rank insignia, dues to professional societies and subscriptions to their magazines. The kind of expenses that may be deducted from private income are medical costs in excess of 5% of the net income; donations up to 15% of that income; losses due to theft, fire and other hazards, certain taxes, bad debts and cost of maintaining your job.

Any tax collector will help you fill out your income tax return if it puzzles you. There are thousands of variations on income tax problems, so if yours is so complex that you can't resolve it by referring to this article and reading the instructions that go with tax returns, then don't lose any time in enlisting the aid of the tax agents.

THREE years ago Howard S. Sears, Great Falls, Minn., lost his billfold while at a Coast Guard training school. Recently it was returned to him with a note: "Wallet found on dead Jap on Saipan." —By Harold Helfer

TO SAVE HER GOOD NAME

LET no one detract from the glorious achievements of the various women's reserves during wartime. Still, it must be admitted that in precision drill the ladies did show a slight tendency to waddle and otherwise let feminine characteristics interfere with the classic movements.

For example, there was that affair at a rehearsal drill for the Saturday review. We "boots" of the Marine Corps Women's Reserve were beginning to feel quite salty and fairly sure of the whole thing. Two platoons had swung off smartly. Our platoon, the third, did too, for a dozen or more brisk paces, when suddenly a feminine squeal burst forth and the marching line buckled in the middle like a tangled string.

Scrambling and sidestepping, the rest of

us tried to detour around a red-faced boot clutching at her dainty pink panties as they slithered around her ankles. At last a few of the quicker thinkers helped her to the rear with a few vigorous shoves, and the lines reformed. Moments later the platoon leader gave a "right flank" and we retired to a more secluded spot. Then she whirled on the offender.

"Why didn't you step out of those things and go on instead of fouling up the whole platoon?" she demanded.

The star performer's sense of propriety was outraged.

"Sergeant, ah couldn't," gasped the Southern belle, a lady to the end. "They had mah name on 'em!" —By Elinor R. Mild.

VETS!



HONORABLE DISCHARGE RING

HERE'S A VALUE! Handsome, hefty Genuine Sterling Silver HONORABLE DISCHARGE RING, yellow gold finish, for only \$1.98 plus tax. Beautiful Discharge Emblem on handsome scrolled mounting. A magnificent ring you'll wear for life.

SEND NO MONEY Mail your name, address, and ringsize today. Your Genuine Sterling Gold Finish Discharge Ring will be sent to you AT ONCE. Pay your postman only \$1.98 plus tax and postage. Wear the ring 10 days, and if not delighted, return it and your money will be refunded at once. Yes, your satisfaction guaranteed! ORDER TODAY. Send strip of paper for size. **CHARLES STEWART, 616 Walnut St. Dept. K-200 CINCINNATI 2, OHIO**

World Famous Varieties
GLADIOLUS
BIGGEST BULB BARGAIN IN AMERICA
100 BULBS \$1.94

Think of it! This amazing low price brings you 100 blooming size gladiolus bulbs—3 glorious rainbow mix colors in these 2-year-old, high-price varieties; Picardy, Dr. Bennet, Shirley Temple, Peggy Lou, Maid of Orleans. We will replace any bulb which does not **FLOWER 5 YEARS**. Order now while they last! Sent in plenty of time for spring planting. Money back guarantee.

EXTRA—Prompt orders receive 3 TUBEROSES without additional cost. Bloom first year in waxy white, fragrant flowers, 2 to 3 ft. tall, can be grown in pots, too.

SEND NO MONEY — RUSH ORDER
Cash orders sent prepaid—else pay \$1.94 plus postage on arrival. Send order, name and address to:
MICHIGAN BULB CO.
GE-2211 Grand Rapids 2, Michigan

Wherever You See The Name of LEE
Be Assured of Highest Quality

Full Or Spare Time Good Earnings For You
MAKE BIG MONEY with famous nationally known LEE Counter Display Card line. Sell at retail. Scores of items from fine Razor Blades to Drug Sundries. Many hard-to-get items. Attractive prices. Repeat orders assure you a steady, pleasant business of your own. Write for FREE catalog and complete details.
LEE PRODUCTS CO.
437 Whitehall St., SW.
Dept. M-2, Atlanta 2, Ga.

WHY WEAR DIAMONDS
When diamond-dazzling Zircons from the mines of far-away mystic Siam are so effective and inexpensive! Thrilling beauty, stand acid, true backs, full of FIRE! Exquisite mountings. See before you buy. Write for FREE catalog.
National Zircon Co., Dept. 30 Wheeling, W. Va.
Catalog FREE!

Learn Profitable Profession in 90 days at Home
Men and Women, 18 to 50
Many Swedish Massage graduates make \$50, \$75 or even more per week. Large full time incomes from doctors, hospitals, sanatoriums, clubs or private practice. Others make good money in spare time. You can win independence and prepare for future security by training at home and qualifying for diploma. Anatomy Charts and 32 page illustrated Book FREE—Now! The College of Swedish Massage Dpt. 775B, 100 E. Ohio St., Chicago 11



I LOST an arm and was hit in twenty-two places during the war. After hanging for months between life and death in a hospital on Leyte, I finally arrived in the States. I spent several months in stateside hospitals before I was well enough to go home. My wife stayed in an apartment in the town near the army hospital in order to be near me. There in that army town we paid double for an apartment, food and taxi service.

I finally became disillusioned because of the heartless way the public held their hand out to take our small savings and army pay. They took all our "blood money" and it didn't bother them at all. Instead of being grateful, they dug us for every penny the OPA would allow and sometimes more. In order to have my wife stay near me while convalescing we spent all the money we had saved, and which was to have been our new start in life after the war.

We returned home and no one seemed to care about giving a one-armed veteran a job. Everyone was too busy making a living to stop and give us a boost. I had a wife and baby to support, but nobody seemed to care whether we lived or died. It was then I decided that money was what made the old mare go. Friendship didn't seem to mean anything. I vowed to make money by fair means or foul as it seemed to be the only way to give my wife and child a decent chance in life. Nothing else mattered.

So I changed from the crusader who volunteered in the army after Pearl Harbor to a hard-hearted, selfish man. It was dog eat dog. I didn't like anyone but my family and didn't care who knew it. I mixed in politics and made enough to get by on, trusting no one and always on guard.

Summer came along and even though my wife and I liked to swim we hesitated about going to a public pool, as I didn't care for the public seeing the scarred re-

main of what had once been a fairly nice looking masculine body. One day an idea struck me. There was a pool where I used to swim as a boy, the owner of which I shall call Mr. Reed.

We drove up in Mr. Reed's yard last July Fourth. It was a typical western Oklahoma farm with its unpainted house, rusty farm implements parked around the barn and several dogs sniffing at our car wheels. Mr. Reed came out, a ragged, homely man with a wrinkled, sunburned face and a prominent Adam's apple. He hadn't changed much during the last ten years except for looking a little older and showing signs of longer and harder hours of work. Old Reed knew us and offered a hand that was gnarled and calloused. The wife and I shook hands. I asked if we could swim and offered to pay. He smiled and asked if we paid him to swim when we were kids. He told us we were welcome to swim any time we liked.

We drove down the sandy road to his pool, and swam in the cool water, laughing and forgetting the money-grabbing world, which then seemed far away from us. It was my first try at swimming since my arm had been blown off, and to my surprise I could swim almost as well as ever.

We dressed, drank from the cool spring just as we had as kids, and climbed the hill to the car. Old Reed was sitting under a tree near the car with a nice spring-cooled watermelon, and asked us to join him. Old Reed had always grown good melons. We used to swipe them as kids. As we sat eating, Reed told me he used to sit and watch us crawl through the sandy fields to swipe his watermelons. He said he had gotten more fun out of watching us than we had out of swiping them. This surprised me because as a boy I had thought him an old grouch.

When we finished with the melon we thanked Reed and rose to go only to find a flat tire on our car. This made me feel rather badly because if the reader doesn't

think it's hard to change a tire with one hand he should stick one hand in his pocket and try it sometime.

Old Reed, who had started mending fence nearby, saw us and came over to help. Upon jacking the wheel up we found the spare down also. Reed cranked up his old Model-A Ford and we took the tire to a service station five miles away. On the way back he asked about several of the boys in our gang that used to swim there.

After the tire was on the car I handed Reed a five-dollar bill for his service, but he drew back from it as if it were a snake.

"Son," he said, "I don't want your money. You don't owe me anything. I am only grateful to have a chance to do a little something for a boy who has given so much for me and my country. I'm an old man who wasn't able to fight, but I like to feel that I helped you boys by raising meat and grain to help feed you while you fought. I want you to come out here and bring as many friends as you like just as often as you want. You can fish, picnic or swim. Use the place as if it were your own."

His prominent Adam's apple bobbed up and down two or three times and his voice trembled. Two big tears ran down his wrinkled, tired face as he smiled and added, "And if any of you want some watermelons, peaches or apples, you just walk right over after them; don't get down in the sand and crawl after them."

On the way home my wife and I were silent. At last she said, "Do you know what I'm thinking?" I answered, "I think you are thinking that there are a few good people left in this old world after all."

—By Josh M. Drake, Jr.

HE AIN'T NO GENTLEMAN

HAVING nothing better to do I was sitting on top of the Casablanca Cemetery wall late one afternoon in the early fall of '43 watching the ebb and flow of traffic on the road below. A private of an ordnance outfit ambled along and sat down beside me. Presently, a jeep went whizzing by, driven by a lieutenant.

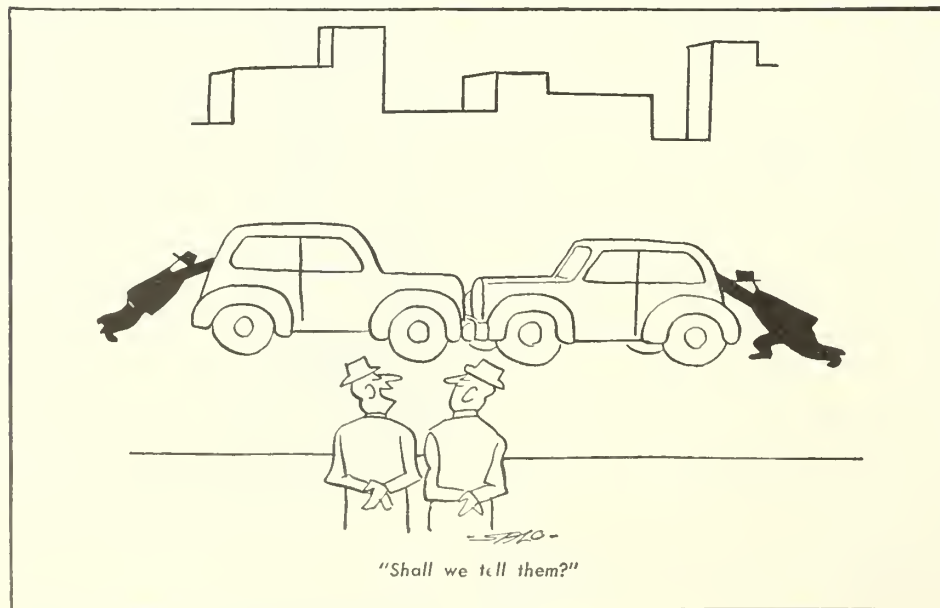
"There goes that ~~so~~ soanso," my companion remarked bitterly. "He might be a officer but he ain't a gentleman."

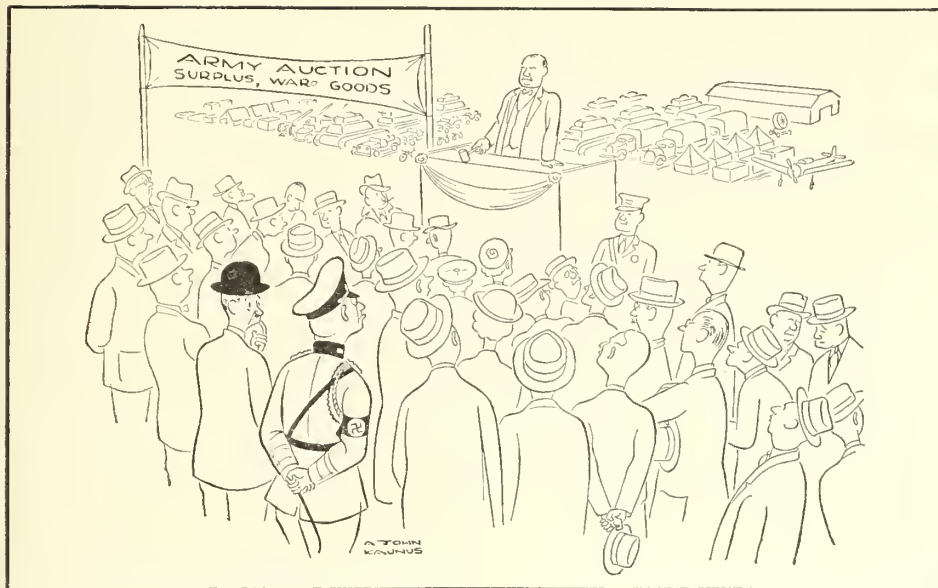
"How come?" I asked.

"Well, I'll tell you 'how come.' Last week a order come out that we wasn't to have no liquor in our tents. The first sergeant come over to my tent, which is right across from the Orderly Room, and told me he heard I had a quart of good ol' American whiskey in my locker.

"I give you my word of honor," I told him, "that there ain't no intoxicatin' drinks in my locker." The sergeant's a gentleman. He said, okay, and went back to the Orderly Room. But in about a minute here comes that lieutenant. 'I give you my word of honor, Sir,' I said. But he didn't want my word of honor. He wanted my quart of good ol' American whiskey. And, what's more, he found it. And, furthermore, I think he drunk it. He ain't no gentleman."

—By Edward A. Lawrence





THE LEGION'S MORALE TEAMS

(Continued from page 23)

serving to break the ice on the ever recurring subject of love and matrimony for the "crippled." Pearl McGonegal could give the girls the answer on that one. In substance it is, "If you love the guy, marry him. I did." Pearl and Mac have a quarter century of happy married life as proof that it is the right answer.

The tours of the Legion amputee teams grew around McGonegal, who in 1943 was raising blooded horses on his ranch at Sunol, California, and acting as Assistant Department Adjutant of the Legion. His visits to the first amputation cases returned from overseas were just one fellow's idea of looking around to see if his experience would be helpful. It was. The California Legion proposed that he be sent around to all amputation centers and try to deliver, wholesale, the great morale building medicine which he had effectively administered in single doses to the first cases he met.

The Legion made Charley a field secretary and sent him on the road. Pearl went along to help. After a few hospital visits they proposed that a bilateral leg amputee be added to the tour. Four out of five World War II amputations were lower limbs, a result partly attributable to the damnable land mines used with fiendish effectiveness by the enemy. Charley got in touch with Antoniewicz, whom he first met in Base Hospital 9 at Chateaux in 1918. On that occasion Tony had just been brought in on a stretcher, and the armless McGonegal had stopped to chat by his cot. Tony looked Mac over.

"Well, kid," he observed, "if you can get along without fins I reckon I can get along without pins." Thereafter McGonegal pushed Tony's wheel chair to the dining room, and Tony cut Mac's food and fed him. That was before they were well

enough to have appliances fitted to their stumps. For years Antoniewicz has been a master plumber in Brooklyn, and a baseball fan of "dem bums." In 1944 he took to the road with Mac and Pearl, to show new amputees of a new war that leglessness need not condemn a man to helplessness. They proved that prosthetic limbs are good for walking, driving, dancing, running, climbing ladders and as a display space for pin-up girls.

McGonegal wanted a World War II veteran to take Tony's place when the latter's agreed term of touring was over. At England General Hospital in Atlantic City he met a lad who was furnishing morale on his own account without exactly knowing it. PFC Herman Pheffer, 34th Division, had been wounded at Anzio, had returned to his outfit to join the fighting in front of Leghorn, and had lost both legs on July 15, 1944, when a shell killed eight and wounded seven Yanks. In the hospital on the hoardwalk he and S/Sgt. Bill McDermott, who had parted with his legs on July 22, 1944, near Cherbourg, were the life of the place. They scooted around in wheel chairs, joked, organized parties and helped the bed patients with personal attentions. When Herman had mastered his prosthetic legs he joined Mac on the road and Tony went back to Brooklyn.

The Army and Navy medical services welcomed the Legion teams. America had fine orthopedic surgeons, all of them considerably overworked. We had good hospitals, all of them crowded. The Legion tourists could and did make things easier for the doctors, nurses, appliance makers and therapists. They gave lectures to the hospital staffs, mass demonstrations which were really first class entertainment to the patients, and bedside advice, guidance and inspiration to the individual amputees.

The usual hospital visit was about two weeks, which was never long enough, but the teams promised to come again, and did

ASTHMADOR

Bitter winds... snow, slush... stuffy, overheated houses... no wonder winter usually spells a-g-o-n-y for the asthmatic who has not yet tried Dr. R. Schiffmann's ASTHMADOR! Take pity on the poor sufferer... tell him how ASTHMADOR's rich, aromatic fumes cut right through congestion, let in life-giving air, help reduce the severity of the attack. Tell him to ignite ASTHMADOR powder when he's too stuffed up to sleep, or smoke an ASTHMADOR cigarette anytime, anywhere. No costly sprays to buy — nothing to take internally — just welcome relief the time-tested ASTHMADOR way. The leading inhalant — sold under a money-back guarantee.

THE
DEPENDABLE
TREATMENT

THAT OUTSELLS
ALL OTHER
INHALANTS

POWDER,
CIGARETTE
OR PIPE MIX

AT ALL
DRUG STORES

MANY NEVER SUSPECT CAUSE OF BACKACHES

This Old Treatment Often Brings Happy Relief

Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, a stimulant diuretic, used successfully by millions for over 50 years. Doan's give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

MAKE EXTRA MONEY with Gorgeous New Everyday Greeting Cards

Easy way to make extra cash showing friends and neighbors glorious new Wallace Brown Everyday Greeting Cards! Up to 50¢ profit for you on 81 All-Occasion Ass't of 16 large, gorgeous Cards for Birthdays, Get-Well, Baby-Lit, Friendship, Sympathy, Anniversary. Still bigger earnings with 9 more fast-selling, big profit assort'ts including Gift Wrapping, Easter, Personal Notes, Floral Stationery, Name-imprinted Stationery. Earn extra money — full or spare time. Samples on approval. Wallace Brown, Inc., 225 Fifth Ave., Dept. L-242, New York 10, N.Y.

MAIL THIS COUPON FOR SAMPLES

NAME _____ L-142

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

NAUSEA

Used successfully over a third of a century on LAND and SEA...

THE WORLD OVER

caused by travel motion, relieved with



RADIO

Technician and Radio Service Courses

FM and TELEVISION

American Radio Institute

101 West 63rd St., New York 23, N.Y.

Approved Under GI Bill of Rights
Licensed by New York State



NO SALES EXPERIENCE NEEDED

The biggest opportunity ever, to quickly establish a money-making, lifetime business, now awaits you as a McNeess Dealer. Sell things farmers need and use up. Serve same families year after year. Pleasant work--no bosses--easy to do. We supply capital to work on. Also provide offers--advertising--premiums and trade secrets that bring sales.

First to apply get best trading areas. Don't wait--write us today for McNeess proposition. Tell us county and state you want to serve. Ask for free McNeess Book.

THE McNEESS CO., 339 Adams St., Freeport, Ill.

do you WORRY?

Why worry and suffer any longer if we can help you? Try a Brooks Patented Air Cushion. This marvelous appliance for most forms of reducible rupture is GUARANTEED to bring YOU heavenly comfort and security--day and night--at work and at play--or it costs you NOTHING! Thousands happy. Light, neat-fitting. No hard pads or springs. For men, women, and children. Durable, cheap. **Sent on trial** to prove it. Not sold in stores. Beware of imitations. Write for Free Book on Rupture, no-risk trial order plan, and proof of results. All Correspondence Confidential.

Brooks Company, 303-C State St., Marshall, Mich.

STOP Scratching

Relieve Itch in a jiffy

Sufferers from the torturing itch caused by eczema, pimples, scales, scabies, athlete's foot, "factory" itch, and other itch troubles, are praising cooling, liquid **D. D. D. Prescription**. This time-proved medication--developed by Dr. D. D. Dennis--positively relieves that cruel, burning itch. Greaseless and stainless. Soothes and comforts even the most intense itching in a jiffy. A 35c trial bottle proves its merits or your money back. Ask your druggist today for **D. D. D. Prescription**.

DO THIS TO MAKE BIG MONEY

Send for **FREE PROOF** that **BLUE BIRD** Assortments Sell on Sight! **ALMOST EVERYBODY** buys greeting cards, correspondence notes, gift wrapping! **YOU** offer them the best--earn **YEAR-ROUND** income. **WITHOUT EXPERIENCE**. Neighbors, co-workers will snap these up! Sell for \$1; **YOU** make up to 50c--more on bonus orders! Write for samples on approval. Make quick sales or return at our expense. **BLUEBIRD STUDIOS**, Dept. V12, Fitchburg, Mass.

• Bluebird Cards for Birthdays, Get Well, Anniversaries, Gifts, Sympathy, Baby. Also Correspondence Notes, Gift Wraps.

INVENTORS

Patent laws encourage the development of inventions. Write for further particulars as to patent protection and procedure and "Invention Record" form at once. No obligation.

McMORROW, BERMAN & DAVIDSON

Registered Patent Attorneys

146-E Victor Building, Washington 1, D. C.

MENTAL SCIENCE AWAKEN YOUR HIDDEN POWERS! You are a sleeping giant... learn how to release your unused forces. Now ready--practical reading--course in everyday psychology. Teaches you self-mastery, influencing others, getting ahead, etc. Written by 34 psychologists. Success Catalog sent Free. Nelson Co., 1139 S. Wabash, Dept. 83, Chicago 6.

USED Correspondence Courses Complete HOME-STUDY COURSES and self-instruction textbooks, slightly used. Rented, sold, exchanged. All subjects, 100% satisfaction. Cash paid for used courses. Full details & 100-page illustrated bargain catalog **FREE**. Write NELSON CO., 1139 S. Wabash, Dept. 83, Chicago 5, Ill.

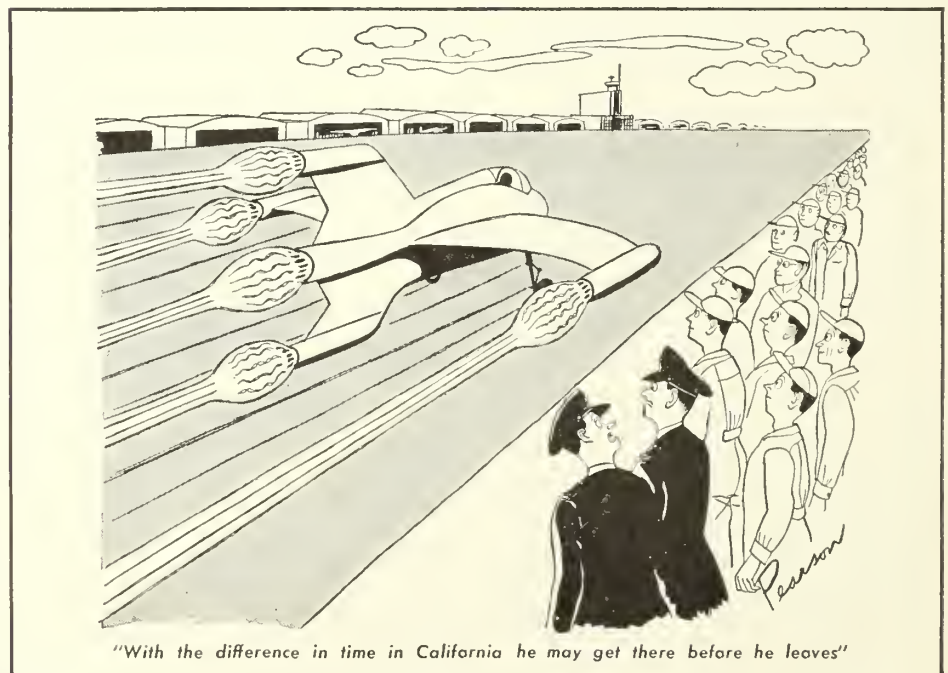
so. Visiting Bushnell General Hospital in Utah in the spring of 1944, they talked to 175 amputees recently returned from overseas. In January, 1945, the team was back at Bushnell, which then had 690 amputation cases. It found the staff working excellently, with special aids to the doctors and nurses such as James R. Farrar, bilateral arms, who had been discharged from service and was working as a civilian instructor in the use of prostheses, and Joe Miller, bi-lateral legs, who was working in the orthopedic shop and as an instructor. Time and again the Legion team was able to find amputees ready to take their places as morale and instruction aides, prosthetic shop workers, and workers for welfare agencies. McGonegal's one-man job grew to a nationwide program of amputees teaching and helping other amputees.

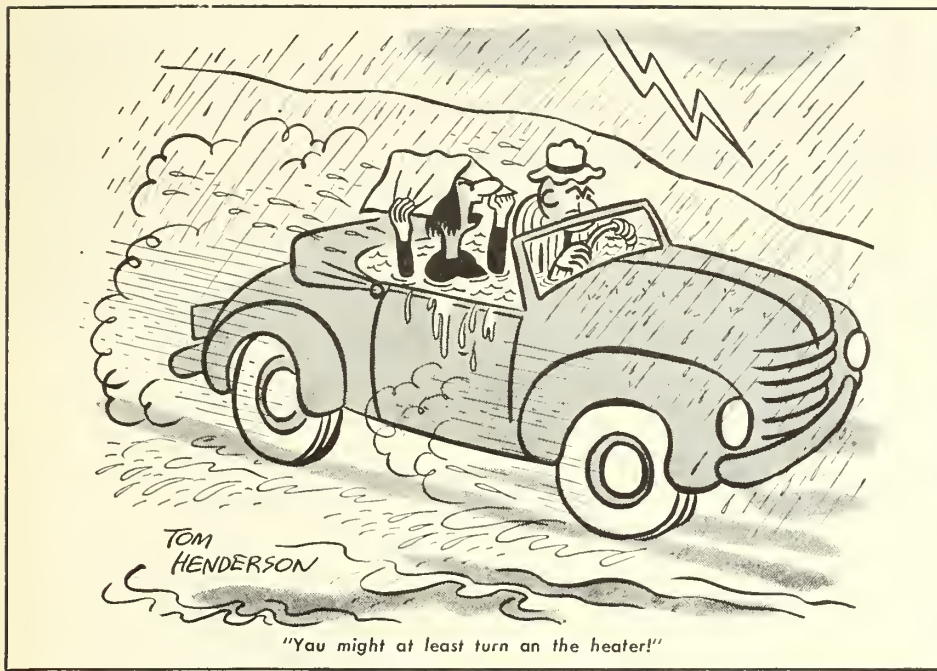
Not every man who lost extremities in the war needed morale building. There was George Wilson at McCloskey General Hospital who was asked how he lost his legs. "I didn't lose my legs," he replied. "I traded them for a clear conscience." There was Sgt. Lonnie Carberry, bilateral arms above the elbows, who was shifted from Temple, Texas, to Walter Reed at Washington and then to Pasadena Regional, California, trying various appliances and mastering them so well that he was chosen a "guinea pig" to try out the new and better equipment being made at Northrup Aircraft. There was Marine Sgt. Ted Jones of Lakemills, Wisconsin, two arms and one leg lost at Guadalcanal, who got nationwide attention when Mrs. Roosevelt turned the bright light of publicity on him. Ted is back home, doing all right in the insurance business, married and has a son. There were also plenty of fellows who needed a lot of encour-

agement in the early weeks and months of slow recovery, needed the example of Mac and Herman to show them how the handicaps of disability could fade into the past, and a new future of accomplishment by ability could open up ahead.

The Legion amputee teams traveled by plane, by rail, by bus or by some friendly auto. The boys climbed in and out of upper berths, argued for hotel rooms and got around. For a year the Legion Field Service paid the bills, for a year the American Legion Auxiliary picked up the checks, and finally the Legion Rehabilitation Division took over. When the hospital visits were not using every minute, the teams visited training and employment centers, and factories. To groups of manufacturing executives and foremen they demonstrated the use of machinery by armless and legless men working skillfully with artificial hands and feet. Mac still recalls October 9, 1945, at the Nice Ball Bearing Co. plant, where he assembled a small roller bearing for an I.B.M. calculator. A factory official had said it could not be done by a man without hands.

The Legion team's story on employment is not "hire the disabled." It is "hire the capable." Mac and Herman undertook to prove by their own demonstrations the capacities of amputees for many kinds of work. They explained patiently to employers why the amputee is safer than any other employee, more accurate, painstaking and reliable. When he learns a job the hard way, he doesn't forget. Mac himself when he got back to Grand Forks, N. D., in 1919, found his family just too ready and willing to do things for him. He used to get up at night, turn on the bathroom light, and practice dressing and shaving when there was nobody around to help. He wanted to be a complete person





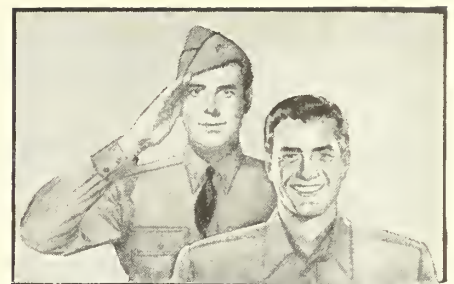
by himself, not just half a person. He succeeded. Since then McGonegal has come a long way, and the straight-thinking, plain-speaking North Dakota farm boy who was knocked almost out of this world the first day he went into action in France in 1918, has been the central figure in a growing scheme of rehabilitation for World War II amputees.

Many stories have been written about Mac, and his pictures, doing all kinds of things with his iron hooks, are in scores of publications. Two motion pictures have been built around him, "Meet McGonegal," a Signal Corps film, and "No Help Wanted," a Legion film. An amputee has neither time nor need for modesty. He has to get over the idea that people are looking at him. Mac got past that stage years ago. Nevertheless he has a kind of modesty concealed behind the front of a "showman" and preacher of rehabilitation. He thinks the great progress in prosthetic appliances, for example, is the achievement of Dr. John J. Loutzenheiser of San Francisco, erstwhile Lt. Col., Medical Corps, and Chief Orthopedic Surgeon at Ft. Douglas. It was Col. Loutzenheiser, says Mac, who got the idea that the mechanical advances in airplane construction might be turned to account in building better arms and legs, and interested John K. Northrup in the project which has been fostered by the National Research Council, originally financed by the American Legion Auxiliary, and carried on by Northrup Aircraft.

As a result of this work, new types of arms and hands, legs and feet are being made. Steel wire supplants old rawhide cables. Wrists and elbows are more flexible, rotate farther and easier, and don't catch or stick. Mac and Lonnie Carberry and others who are working on these de-

velopments see an unlimited field for improvement ahead with wear-proof and fool-proof prostheses capable of speeding and easing the training which was pretty slow and hard for the earlier amputation cases. They see the civilian amputees, who outnumber the military cases many times over, benefiting equally by each advance.

The team of Mac and Herman is now divided, McGonegal working for the Legion at San Francisco and Pheffer in New York. Most of the amputees are out of the Army and Navy hospitals and are civilians again. Prosthetic improvements, training and employment are the big, continuing jobs. The road ahead for the armless and legless is not easy. Work, patience, confidence and courage will always be needed. The Legion amputee teams of 1943-46 did their bit to foster developing in the 25,000 cases the kind of stuff it takes to make a whole man out of one with a few parts missing.



REEVES FABRICS

make strong, sturdy
UNIFORMS...WORK AND SPORT CLOTHES

Ask your dealer for uniforms, work and sport clothes of Reeves Fabrics. Reeves ArmyTwill*, of which Uncle Sam bought 90 million yards, insures extra wearability and good looks. Demand Glengarrie Poplin* for matching shirts.

*Sanforized—residual shrinkage less than 1%



REEVES BROS., INC.

54 Worth St., New York 13, N. Y.

NOW YOU CAN GET A... HEAVY DUTY INDUSTRIAL WELDER

For Home Appliance, Auto and General Farm Equipment Repairs
IMMEDIATE DELIVERIES

\$2350 Complete

Works on Iron, Steel, & other metals—does work you'd expect from a larger, costlier machine; portable, easily carried; operates from any properly wired 110 volt line also available for 220 volt operation, at slight additional cost; has 8 metallic and carbon arc welding heat stages.

EASY TO OPERATE—if inexperienced you can learn to do professional work by following the simplified welding and operating instructions furnished—comes complete ready to operate with helmet, rods, cable, instructions, etc.

SAVE TIME AND MONEY—Do your own welding—just a few repair jobs will pay for this machine. A PRACTICAL AND PROFITABLE machine tool for any workshop. Make money doing repair work for others. Write today for full particulars 14-day FREE Trial Offer.

DYNAMIC WELDER CO. Chicago 16, Illinois

NEW TINY POCKET SIZE RADIO!

Slips in your pocket or purse! Wt. only 1 1/2 lb. Complete ready to play as shown with self contained phone for personal use. Beautiful black silver plastic case. No tubes, batteries or electric plug-in required. Usually receives local broadcasts without outside aerial wires.

GUARANTEED TO WORK when connected and used according to instructions. Can be used in homes, offices, hotels, cabins, in bed after hours, etc.

Send Only \$1 (cash, money order, check) and pay postman \$2.99 plus delivery fee on arrival or send \$3.99 for postpaid delivery. **Ideal gift for children or adults alike!** Get your Pa-Kette radio now for real enjoyment. (Foreign orders \$5.00, U. S. cash with order.) PaKette Electric Co., Dept. AL-2, Kearney, Nebraska

NEW CHEAP OIL BURNER
FOR HEATING AND COOKING STOVES FURNACES

HEAT YOUR HOME COOK YOUR MEALS WITH CHEAP FURNACE OIL

NO MORE SHOVELING COAL OR ASHES. A New Fuelizer Starter Vaporizing System turns Cheap 130 Flash Furnace Oil, Distillate, Kerosene etc. into Oil Gas heat without clogging up. **LIFETIME GUARANTEE** against defects. **\$4.00 Bonus Offer** for Testing. We will let you try it in your own stove or furnace for one month. Get yours for introducing. Big Profits QUICK. Be first. Send in your name TODAY.

NORTHWEST MFG. CO., 570-B, 5th, Mitchell, So. Dakota

SHORTHAND in 6 Weeks at Home

Famous Speedwriting system. No signs or symbols; uses ABC's. Easy to learn; easy to write and transcribe. Fast preparation for a job. Surprisingly low cost. 100,000 taught by mail. Used in leading offices and Civil Service. Write for free booklet, **SPEEDWRITING**, Dept. 9202-7, 55 W. 42 St., N. Y. 18



I'm Too Smart For 'Em

DON'T worry about me. I've got this little old income tax business all figured out. Other people can go nuts trying to compile their returns, but not me. No siree. It's simple. I don't listen to all the office experts with tips on how to save a few bucks here and a few bucks there. I don't buy any simplified book of instructions. I don't hire any lawyers. Nope. All I do is follow instructions. That's all. Just follow those little old instructions on that little old government form and sit back and wait for that little old refund check.

To show how easy it is, let's take the section on "Profit (or loss) from business or profession". The first heading is "Cost of goods sold". Now read the instructions: "To be used where inventories are an income-determining factor. Enter the letters 'C' or 'C or M' on lines 2 and 8 if inventories are valued at either cost, or cost or market, whichever is lower." Let's see now. Cost, or cost or market. That ought to be easy. Cost, or cost or market. Well, it so happens that I didn't buy any goods this year anyway, so I'll just skip over that little old section.

Down further there's a section with a lot of boxes and little lines drawn in the boxes. See it there, right under "Explanation of deduction for depreciation claimed in schedules B and C". First you put down the "Kind of Property". Now, that's simple isn't it? Then comes "Date acquired". See how simple it is. Just as easy as pie.

Next is "Cost or other basis (do not include land or other nondepreciable property)". Let's see now. Nondepreciable. Better get out the little old dictionary. Nondepreciable. Nondepreciable. Doesn't seem to be listed. Well, we'll just put little

old nondepreciable aside for a few minutes.

Now we come to "Assets fully depreciated in use at end of year". Um! Assets fully depreciated. Something wrong there, yep, something wrong. Those little old assets can't very well be fully depreciated and still be in use at the end of the year. Ha! Catch question. Smart bunch of boys they've got down there in Washington. Thought they had me that time. Ha! Thought they tripped me up, but I'm too smart for 'em. Yep, too smart for 'em. Ha! Too smart for 'em, too smart for 'em, too smart for 'em . . .

By David Stick

Identification

CAN you think of better names for them than Harried Truman . . . Bob Hoke . . . Joke Benny . . . Burp Lahr . . . Funny Brice . . . Moutha Raye . . . Mae Waist . . . Dorothy Contour . . . Moody Vallee? —By Buster Rothman

Defeat Accounted For

A STARTLING statement by Heinrich Rausvonhaus Von und Zu Schnitzel, former German Field Marshal, has explained the crushing defeat suffered by Germany in the Battle of Bad Neusehoff. Allied military experts long had been puzzled by the surprising lack of resistance by the Nazis in this important engagement. German forces at Bad Neusehoff were under the overall command of Field Marshal Rausvonhaus whose statement, made in an exclusive interview, follows:

Dot vas ein stormisch dawnen mit grosser vind ge-blown. Der Amerikanischer feelerouten-snoopers bin ge-raisen der roofen mit grenaders und flamcnsplitters. Mein Groupen-Kommandur bin out-gaib-

ben mit ranten und stampen, und mein Unter-kommandurs vas ge-snorten und fumen. Der Groupen-Kommandur bin ge-writen der groupen-order und preparen mit muchen maken-hasten.

Suddener iss ge-comen der Amerikanischer mit boomen and zingen und grosser roughen-stuffen mit tankers und zoomers. Der Amerikanischer bin up-shooten der groupen und raus mit der Faderland!

Mein gunsers vas firen. Mein howitzers und riflars vas up-broughten. Der stukas vas uppen. Der Panzers—Ach! Der Groupen-Kommandur vas ge-caughten mit der Panzers downen!—By Dave Morrah.



Ode To The Ominous Omnibus

Pray tell, why is it ever thus?
While I am waiting for a bus
Long moments pass with none in sight
Then one appears—just when I light.

Robert R. Brogden

For the Record

THE private waited patiently at the post hospital for the doctor's report—which wasn't long in coming.

"Look!" gasped the soldier. "Whatever's wrong with me, gimme it straight! No long scientific names!"

"All right, private," said the doctor. "You're just lazy!"

"Thank you, sir. Now could I have the scientific name? I've got to report it to my Sarge."—By Tom Gootée.

That's the Hell of It

PEOPLE who are constantly bragging of where they've been never seem to realize where they could go. —By A. A. Lattimer.

Calendar Counsel

A girl who weds in chilly Jan.
Must show some warmth to get her man;

This does not mean that girls in Jul.
Improve their luck by keeping cul.

S. Omar Barker





MANY, MANY Happy Returns

THIS YEAR, The House of Seagram celebrates its 90th birthday. Since 1857, Seagram craftsmen have been working "to make finer whiskies... make them taste better." To understand how brilliantly they have succeeded, taste 7 Crown—Seagram's finest American whiskey. You'll promise yourself *many happy returns* of that pleasurable experience.



*Say
Seagram's
and be Sure
of Pre-War
Quality*

Seagram's Seven **7** Crown

DESIGNED FOR YOUR PLEASURE TODAY, TOMORROW AND ALWAYS

Seagram's 7 Crown Blended Whiskey. 65% Grain Neutral Spirits. 86.8 Proof. Seagram-Distillers Corporation, Chrysler Building, New York

According to a recent Nationwide survey:

MORE DOCTORS SMOKE CAMELS THAN ANY OTHER CIGARETTE

• Like the rest of us, doctors smoke for pleasure. Their taste recognizes and appreciates full flavor and cool mildness just as yours does.

And when 113,597 doctors were asked to name the cigarette they smoked, more doctors named Camels than any other brand.

Three nationally known independent research organizations conducted the survey. They queried doctors in every branch of medicine.



R. J. Reynolds
Tobacco Co.,
Winston-Salem,
North Carolina



*Your "T-Zone"
will tell you*

T for Taste...

T for Throat...

• Taste and Throat...your "T-Zone"
...that's your proving ground for
any cigarette.

See how your own critical taste
responds to the rich, full flavor of
Camel's choice tobaccos.
Tobaccos of uncompromising
quality . . . tobaccos
blended in the fine, tra-
ditional Camel way.

See how *your* throat
reacts to the cool mild-
ness of Camels.

See if Camels don't
suit your "T-Zone"
to a "T."

